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Esquire

APRIL 1998

MAN AT HIS BEST

LADIES
AND
GENTLEMEN,
THE
PRESIDENT
OF THE
UNITED
STATES

**JOHN TRAVOLTA:
THE MOST POWERFUL
MAN ON EARTH**

By Tom Junod

**BILL CLINTON:
THE HARDEST WORKING
MAN IN SHOW BUSINESS**

By Martha Sherrill

**DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:
OOPS**

By David Brock

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VOL. 121 • NO. 3

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BY MARTHA SHERRILL Ladies and gentlemen, he is our president and our preeminent media star. His dramas and traumas are the stuff of legend. In an age when we think we really don't need a leader, we got the one we asked for.

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Tidying up the dead is a bloody business. It's ugly, unfriendly, and then there's that stench. But to the employees of a medical examiner's office, death is also something more. It's a living.

ON THE COVER: Photograph exclusively for Esquire by Patrick Demerouti. Styling by Jessica Meads for Bryan Babity. Hair by Lou Kufner with Makeup by Michelle Baker. Two-button gray wool suit (\$1,750). Cotton shirt (\$270) and silk tie (\$75) by Giorgio Armani.



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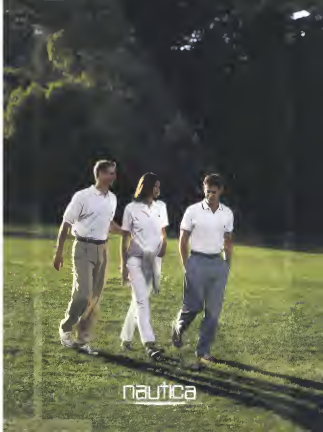
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Designers At Their Best

Esquire again provided one of the highlights of Men's Fashion Week in New York, with an exclusive *Designers At Their Best* event. The much-anticipated reception, held last past February at Auer Hall at the New York City Public Library, brought together men's wear's most esteemed style-makers and fashion makers to showcase the industry's top designers. Esquire Fashion Director John Maher selected his favorite colors, fabric weight and styling relationships with the fashion community to coordinate a themed presentation that highlighted the best in designer strategy and wardrobe choices.



Esquire (left to right) John Maher, David Lee, Jerry Seinfeld, James Franco, and Robert De Niro. Right: Colin Hanks and John Maher.



WEB: More Than a Shade Above

Some people—Pizze, Caroline of Monaco, Clint Eastwood, Sean Connery, Sharon Stone, Jeremy Irons, to name a few—achieve a sense of timeless style. Not coincidentally, these are just some of the many notable personalities associated to the refined and elegant design of WEB sunglasses. Manufactured by industry leader Luxottica, WEB sunglasses embody lasting style and craftsmanship. Their sporty slightly aviator look is inspired by vintage 1950s aviator glasses.



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A Fifth of Jack Daniel's and a Lot of Laughs

Jack Daniel's and Esquire bonded at evening of comedy this past January at the wonderful Zanies Comedy Club in Chicago. The event, which spotlighted celebrated Esquire annual Dubious Achievement Award, featured complimentary Jack Daniel's drinks for all in attendance. Many of the performers that evening regaled Esquire Dubious Achievement winners as fodder for their own material. One comic's reaction to the posthumous outside pleasure of an emcee John F. Kennedy Jr. "Why is the blue dot so small?"



Guess the Shape of Nietzsche's Face—and Win Cool Shades

Here's how: Look for a special eye-wear advertising contest. The *Face in the Web*, on this issue of Esquire In, is your first description of seven face shapes that the Viton Council of America (VCA) suggests using as a guideline for eyeglass frame selection. Now look at the illustration of German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche, or rather, based on VCA's guidelines, for facial shapes, can you guess the shape of his face? If you're correct, you will automatically be entered into a drawing to win a pair of eyeglasses, vintage EQ sunglasses. For your entry (one per person only), including your name, address, daytime telephone number, and current face shape (only no philosophical theory please) at Esquire Promotion Dept., Face Shape Contest, 211-355-0935. To acquire a copy of the official contest rules and/or the name of the winner please fax to the same number. All fax numbers can be received by May 15, 1996.



Note: This special contest requires only a certain geographic location. If you're one of Esquire's three countries, fax or e-mail will work. Visit the VCA Web site www.vcausa.org, where you will find a detailed description of the contest here. Face Shape, then, guess away.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARLTON DAVIS



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NEWS MAGAZINE DIVISION

Richard D. Smith
Editor

the sound and the fury

OHHHHH J.

Esquire has a long tradition of putting controversial subjects on its cover—a mafioso, a fallen president, and war criminals among them. The idea has always been to challenge and compel our readers with information and insight they won't find elsewhere—not to endorse, but to open a debate. So when we chose an O.J. Simpson profile for our cover story in February ("Whistling in the Dark") we anticipated an impassioned response from our readers, and we were not disappointed. A series of hundreds of letters indicated that we printed "fah" "maad" "inlet paper," and caused one man to "puke" on his shoes. Several wondered if we would be featuring Hitler on a subsequent cover. As a matter of fact, we already did. May 1965.



Given the strong possibility of O.J.'s guilt in the unforgivable murders of Nicole Brown and Ronald Goldman, how could you possibly disagree the cover of your magazine with his painful fate? If O.J. did commit this violent crime yet is able to slowly manipulate the public into giving him back his "life," then God bless his vicious, fat, they won't be getting their lives back to greet the cover of my magazine.

—LUCIA HARRIS
Sault Ste. Marie

After all the reflexes of words written about O.J. Simpson, author Celia Farber finally captured the essence of what happened in her poem, which was nothing short of brilliant. It was a perfect poem of a man whose guilt and detail have turned him into a cipher. It was nearly enough to make both in prison, even for those of us who have no doubt of his guilt.

—TOM DANIELA
Eggs, N. Dak.

Great piece on O.J. Simpson. I am originally from Rochester, New York, which many otherwise-levelheaded Buffalo Bills fans still think is O.J.'s hometown (two people I am not one of them, but I can't deny that he charmed me in your article. It was scary.

—GARRETT RIFE
Rochester, Mass.

Great Stories in Small Packages

In February's *Death: A Love Story*, John H. Richardson followed several people on their respective paths to health and happiness, which culminated at the annual Little People of America convention in Atlanta.

I read with mixed reactions Richardson's article on the LPA convention. It sounded the convention and was one of the people with whom he spent time. On the one hand, I was amazed at what he understood about the experiences and thoughts of the dwarf he met, on the other, I was startled that he missed the essential part: What story of an essentially learn, in just five paragraphs in LPA, is that being a dwarf and having a differently shaped body is only that—different. Not, as he writes in his concluding "wrong" or "inappropriate." His words imply that although a dwarf might be a great person, he or her physical appearance somehow belies that. We are not ostracized by one another, one thinks that only if he or she continues being different with being wrong. On our behalf, I'm sorry that he missed that.

—HILARY MERRICKS
St. Louis, Mo.

February's issue is brilliant in no way least. Their deals O.J. silent, wealth, looks, and hate. It give all the important stuff to the little people.

—FRANK PATRIZIO
Rochester, N.Y.

Dubious Issue

Each January for the last thirty-seven years *Esquire* has published *Dubious Achievements*—the horseracing issue in which we lampoon the questionable, outside the discipline, and serious behavior of the rich and infamous. Which is why John J. Kennedy Jr.'s biography paid tribute for his magazine. George is political magazine stand you see use as an excuse to parody. His lawyer was not amused.

I represent John Kennedy Jr. The January 1998 issue of *Esquire* published fabricated photographs depicting Mr. Kennedy in vulgar postures accompanied by a false and defamatory claim that the bogus photographs were porn cases. In fact, as you have acknowledged subsequently the photographs are not genuine but fabrications prepared by *Esquire* without Mr. Kennedy's knowledge, participation, or consent. That *Esquire* would descend to an unscrupulous fabrication is highly disgraceful and certainly no achievement. I am sending you this letter for publication.

—MARTIN LONDON
East West Road, Wilman Dr. Garden
New York, N.Y.

Portis heads

For *Our Last Known Great Nephew* (The Word January), Ron Rosenbaum took a look at the antics of Charles Portis as an underappreciated writer who captured the heart of our secret selves and conspiracy buffs.

What pure pleasure to read Ron Rosenbaum's essay of appreciation for Charles Portis, who has been neglected since *Masters of Deceit*. The discussion of Dr. Stryker was a pleasure to read, and Stryker is just one of many Portis characters who live on when the book is closed. Maybe someday the New York publishing industry (so use the Stryker vernacular) will see us up and appetit.

—SUZAN FROST
Washington, D.C.

Letters to the editor should be mailed to The Sound and the Fury, *Esquire*, 1250 24th Street, New York, N.Y. 10028. We reserve the right to request that you include your full name, address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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contributors



As a longtime *Equine* contributor of several small stories for *The Washington Post*, **Martha Stewart** has written about President Clinton, and she has written about celebrities too. The *Harlem Working Man in Show Business* is the first piece she has ever written about the president as a celebrity. Stewart, who has had her hands full recently with a new baby and a book in progress (to be published by Random House next year) says "The toughest thing about this story was deciding whether or not to include Monica Lewinsky. But after spending two weeks glued to MSNBC and CNN, I decided that Bill Clinton as a phenomenon is much larger than this or that woman." Her essay on the state of power and fame begins on page 74.

In the January 1994 issue of *The American Spectator*, David Brock broke a story detailing Elizabeth Glaser's alleged use of Alzheimer's care recipients as footstools by environmental allies. One of the women he mentioned in the article, referred to only as Paula, then declined to sue the president for sexual harassment—and, well, you know the rest. In letters to the President (page 64), Brock, the author of *The Real America* and *The Tribulations of Hillary Rodham*, reveals his decision to publish the piece—and reflects humbly on its consequences.

John Updike says that "Classics Evolution," the monthly *Four Factors* (page 107) was originally meant to be longer, but it curled up on me, and selected as more post-page two—until *Equine* revealed the delightful form of the short short." Updike, the author of more than twenty books and winner of the National Book Award and the Pulitzer prize, says the story is a return to themes of *Invly* 18. "Three out of four children mean shape up, and here we work out the patterns of my life, has long been a concern of mine, and I am still trying to work it out." Updike's next book, the "spin-out" *Bel-A-Roy*, will be published this fall by Alfred A. Knopf.



During his time days at the Medical Business Office, in Phoenix, Arizona, **David Seidars** saw many startling things, but most alarming was "watching a doctor hold a human brain while saying to me, 'I wish I knew you live in New York and didn't go to the Garth Brooks concert.'" Seidars, the best-selling author of *Band/For*, *Naked*, and *Meltdown* (all available from Little, Brown) and a regular contributor to public radio's *The American Life*, adds "I hope this when I'm eventually awarded, they'll send my body to Phoenix, where I know I'll be embraced by friendly hand-washing politicians." "Working 9-5" begins on page 94.



In the month and a half that she was planning her own wedding—specifically along those negotiations with carriers and folding organ phone calls from her grandmother—**Melissa Adams** somehow found the time to compose her equine episode, short story "Marry the One Who Can Throat Pin" (page 104). "I only had time to write an email chthon, one scene at a time," says Adams, a first-time contributor to *Equine* whose fiction has appeared in *Sassy* magazine and *Writers Haven* (it currently is available in paperback). But it was a wonderful, robust experience that actually helped me get rid of my anxiety. I had about given up on it. Adams, who lives in Brooklyn, is currently at work on a novel.

Allow us to introduce the head—the extraordinary collection of names and artists whose various contributions to the president accompany "The Harlem Working Man in Show Business": **Ben Burgett** is a Pulitzer prize-winning editorial cartoonist at the *American Spectator*, where he has worked for twenty-four years; **Don Perkins** is Tom Toles' creator, creator of the nationally syndicated weekly cartoon *The Melrose World* and the author of *The Mouth of Spidey*; **Red Bull**, a finalist for the 1990 Pulitzer prize in cartooning, is a staff writer at *F.O.V.* and the author of *Rolling*, of the *Los Angeles* *Kids*; **Mark Alan Siskowitz** is the creator of several comic strips, including *Washington* and *Doorknocker*, and his work is published in *The Washington Post*, *Six*, and *The Village Voice*; **Steve Brodner** is a New York-based illustrator and writer whose work appears regularly in *The New Yorker*, *Rolling Stone*, and *The Nation*; **Bill Griffith** is a nationally syndicated cartoonist and is currently preparing for a TV show based on *Symphonic*. Paul has followed strip; and **John Kersch** is an illustrator who has contributed to *Nimrod* and *Entertainment Weekly* and some of whose work was recently purchased by the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery.



FROM TOP: MARTHA STEWART; JOHN UPDIKE; DAVID SEIDARS; MELISSA ADAMS



GIORGIO ARMANI



E Y E W E A R

Ladies and Gentlemen, the President of the United States. Do you, the People: Hail? Boo? Hoot?

Well, Patsy! Of all of the above, taking care not to spill the popcorn? Yes, these are confusing times for the American audience, the presidency can't seem to make up its mind whether it's high drama, low comedy, plodding police procedural, or campy stag film (see page 98). It makes us all long for the days when the president stood so low risk as the man in the white hat. Oh, for those days when the president was the hero of our children, the man most admired across his great nation.

Oh, for those halcyon days of early January. Back then, Bill Clinton had only binged a lounge singer and whipped out his distinguished member that one time, so as far as the American public was concerned, he was the most admired living man in the whole world. And by a wide margin, with more in many ways as the pope and more votes than Ronald Reagan, George Bush, and Jimmy Carter put together, according to Gallup. But that was three months ago.

We don't know what the situation will be the week you read this, what other warm soulslovers might have crawled out of the woodwork, whether the phrase "charismatic man" will have entered public discourse. We're guessing, though, that while Americans may still find that Bill Clinton has done a really super job for a guy who spends most of his day receiving file-flo, the idealization of him as a hero might seem a bit ridiculous to all but a few million teenage and middle-aged boys.

And so, the search for the new hero

esky

The list of Gallup's most admired men of 1997 (Colin Powell, Billy Graham, Nelson Mandela, Michael Jordan, and Bill Gates III is out) has a handful of prospective replacement heroes, and only one of them is actually evil. But we can't get our selves too worked up about any of them. It's hard to imagine the pope as an American hero, a role that requires punching people out on occasion. That would seem to rule out all but Jordan, unfortunately. Nike has him tied up.

We're open to a female hero, but events have also caught up with the year's most admired woman, Hillary Clinton, who now may be seen as either aspiringly heroic or profoundly foolish, depending on whether you believe country music or self-help books. And the rest of the list is a bit thin. So much so that one in five Americans, when asked to name the living woman they admired most, named Princess Diana or Mother Teresa, both of whom had to be disqualified for being not living.

Mother Teresa's heroic legacy seems to be surviving her in ways that would have surprised and perhaps even killed her if she were still alive. In February, a Brooklyn girl won a trip to the Winter Olympics with her art-cassette entry, "Mother Teresa: An Eternal Legacy." According to the press, the winning panel depicted "Mother Teresa playing defense in hockey, sur-

rounded by three players, which symbolizes her battle against age, poverty, and ignorance.

That is the main advantage of being a dead hero. Your best accomplishments tend to grow. The other is that your personal indiscretions tend to be viewed as tragic flaws rather than as indefensible offenses. We know, for example, of one man who fathered more than fifty illegitimate children, killed countless men



who had simply annoyed him and murdered his own wife and children in a blind rage. But he is remembered instead for some mighty unbelievable accomplishments and was once considered the greatest hero ever.

Of course, Bill Clinton is no Hercules. At least, not yet. ■



Man at his best

It is better, of course, to know useless things than to know nothing. Here are seven pages of proof. —Seneca



Rating Richard Linklater

The Newton guy (Richard Linklater's 19th movie but his first with an all-adult cast) here's how the critics saw his first, younger film: *Sucker*, the rambling story of Austin's combing-yang cooped. Leonard Maltin three stars, *Sucker* and *bert* one thumb up, one thumb down. *David* and *Carroll* and mid-seventies teens on the last day of class. Three stars. *Two thumbs up*. *Before Sunrise*, the cross-cultural love story of two twenty-somethings is loving in *twelve*. Two and a half stars. *Two thumbs up*. *Suburbia*, teeny by some things talking in the parking lot of a Texas convenience store. Two and a half stars. *Two thumbs up*.

Sucker did in New York: People were like "Dude you have to make two thousand *Suckers* for what *Terminator 2* cost." But who would want to watch a thousand *Suckers*?

What connected *Crash* stars that you were the guy to do this movie?

My friend *Sucker*—I never thought it'd be in his first seven years would be *Sucker*—because he liked the characters. And he had *David* and *Carroll* for his reasons too. For him the *Newton* story is about character, not just action. So I think he trusted me. The *Newton* guys today: *Willis Newton*, *Matthew*, *Carroll*—no one will get this, because he claims everyone, including the audience, but he's dark—he's lying to everybody in a manipulating, everyone. That *David* got some pretty dirt stuff in my own psyche. (Laughs.)

You identified with *Crash*.

From the day I read *Crash*'s article. He's a good kid from west Texas. I was a poor kid from east Texas. It's like when *Scraper* comes through, you know which *Scraper* is best? And says "Oh, that's the movie. I've been waiting to make off my life." ▶

Adult Movie Maker

Here it is where Richard Linklater grows up. The *Sucker* director is set to release *The Newton Boys* this month, and for Linklater, accustomed to making offbeat, youthful flicks, it's a new era: The \$27 million film—starring Matthew McConaughey, Ethan Hawke, Vincent D'Onofrio, Matt Smith, Craig T. Nelson, and Julianne Moore—tells the true story of four Texas brothers who rob banks at the 1950s

long enough to become the country's most successful bank robbers. You've never heard of them because they never killed anybody but a magazine article about them by writer Chuck Swenson caught Linklater's eye.

Equip! Why are people making a big deal out of a Richard Linklater movie costing \$27 million?

Linklater: *Terminator 2* opened the same day

If you discount *Clash and Caribbeed*, this was your first period piece. The whole thing was like a four-year research project like built a period oil well and a drilling rig, had to get a based new looking 1922 stakeholder. The *apexes* days had eight are leaders. It's a road movie—we never returned to the same location back. It was a Herculean effort to do this on a budget. It would have been easy to spend \$10 million.

Did Willis Newton see something coming or ending?
I mean every car got from America and the could easily recognize. He did it several hours before he, for a greater cause. His display/agent at that moment in history would be taken seriously during whiskey to create a better life for his kids so they could run for president. It's kind of like the Godfather like it's the whole trash Godfather. **Urban Hawke said that.**

It's true. These were dirt poor farmers, sharecroppers, who slaves. People are told not to like white trash, but for me, sometimes come from a single point. This movie is five years in the life of Willis Newton. It begins with him coming out of prison, and it ends with him going back out. In the little interim, he really craves a spouse. And found the love of his life.

Speaking of love, you're got your mother



Tom's movie is the work, Philly Night Lights (adapted from M. G. Klinger's widely criticized chronicle of a year in the life of a west Texas town). Yeah, I hope it happens. The book was a good piece of investigative journalism, but the movie would be a lot different. I knew what pissed people off and for what reasons, without getting real critical of the book. I think there's a lot more affection for the town and the preservation. Having played Texas high school football, I was the positive side. Unlucky, I want to make a true blue football movie.

—Patrick Bruch



Sharp-Looking Knives

A knife is not a knife is not a knife. And after you've been to the British Savile's gallery and seen handles that are engraved and etched with three-million-year-old Siberian woolly mammoth tusk, black pearl, and swamy lake fern-gold woods, not after you've run your fingers along blades made of space-age titanium that won't rust for the next three million years or the three million after that.

"We are sotheackcenter for what is called the watch," says David Mendelson, co-founder of the British Savile gallery, which is block away from the Metropolitan Museum of Art's weapons and armor exhibit.

Siberian Savile's knives, which can be cul-

turn (based on any frame by engraver Jan Polyn, cost between \$3,000 and \$75,000) which is admittedly quite a chunk of money to carve an orange slice through gum tape on FedEx labels, or cut the cord on your cell site but cheap if you're looking for museum-quality art. Gemset Schwabkopf's got one. Well-heeled hunters use them to skin their catches. Most collectors display them behind glass in their homes. But if you can afford one, don't lock it away where no beauty with the world. Take it to Peter Luger's Steak House and cut your next steak with it. And if some that ever tries to take it away slice his nose to ribbons.

—Gail Fuzesser

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW COOPER FOR EW.COM

Fun Tax Facts

It being long time you should know that the IRS sent only 2,473 people to prison last year and you probably weren't one of them. An IRS agent's friends are almost exclusively other IRS agents. At its south-ocean-side, the actual women. What do you do? Agent I like accountants for whom? The government, where? Federal, like a woman? There is no income tax in the Cayman Islands. There would be an income tax, not an IRS here if Americans for Fair Taxation had its way, there would be however a 23 percent sales tax. For over IRS agent Jay Copro wrote in Catholic

Digest, "When meeting with taxpayers, I would ask myself, 'What would Christ do?'" Upon being hired, every IRS agent is taught Common excuses for failing to file, as recalled by former IRS agent Raef S. Gungor: "I was on drugs." "I was depressed." "I lost the return in a Christmas tree fire." "I'm not IRS agent." Russell Dunn knows the role of an IRS agent is that of a cop, who may pull you over for speeding but who will also help you change a tire. "I want to go to jail," said the bygone want to jail? "I wanted another activist. I was Schiffo, who has not paid federal income taxes since 1974. Schiffo went to jail.



JOSEPH ARROUD

The suede jacket, even sizes, \$144. \$99.00. Long-sleeved crewneck cable sweater in sand linen, \$44. \$65.00. Long-sleeved striped silk shirt in pink, \$44. \$25.00. Pleated trouser in taupe silk/linen, 38-40 waist, 135-00. All imported. To order, call 1-800-255-SHOP. Item reference #M462. 3-05. Delivery fee. Allow two weeks for delivery. For personal shopping assistance, call At-Home Service, 717-705-3333.

Vintage Muscle



Over 1 Take another look at the pictures. Back yet? Now with your chin. You're not the only one to lust in his beam after that smoldering American phenomenon, the muscle car. So what if they don't excel in tight handling, lousy or fair economy? They scoot like a witch on a broom. And power. As many as 438 horses of it.

It all started back in 1964, when Pontiac's chief engineer, John DeLorean, dutifully studying how cars navigated a curvy road by building speed-oriented cars by stuffing the biggest piston engine he could into a midsize car thought too small and light to accommodate it. The GTD was born, launching a power war in Detroit that lasted until about 1971. From those come many of today's great cars—Chevies, GMs, Fords and Chryslers, name cars, Shelby Cobras, GTOs, Chargers, Olds 44-2's, and Hemi Cudas among them. Be-

some being able to pull enough g's to put your cheeks in the back seat. Some can have an aesthetic that makes people glibbe. The cars are clean, the design simple, striking and full of classic strength and rebellion. Right—All. Completely unlike the modern, ovaljet four-cylinder jobbies now drive.

No surprise then, the renewed interest in 1960s to the 1970s-muscle cars has led to a boom in the classic-car market. These things aren't just a hobby anymore; they're a business. And you can make a lot of money out of them. If you're into them, you can make a lot of money out of them. If you're into them, you can make a lot of money out of them. If you're into them, you can make a lot of money out of them.

—*Matthew Sagel*



he Shelf

Want to get an MFA in fiction? Well, writing like you can buy in grad school, writing that never you can't. It's this book, baby. Write what you love. One of the best workshops that a writer can attend is the one that a writer can attend. It's the one that a writer can attend. It's the one that a writer can attend. It's the one that a writer can attend.

It's the one that a writer can attend. It's the one that a writer can attend. It's the one that a writer can attend. It's the one that a writer can attend. It's the one that a writer can attend. It's the one that a writer can attend.

crashed by love. His wife, a poet and fellow Glibbe devotee, killed herself gruesomely decades before, and it takes another 30-40 years for her person, a woman grad student, to make her feel whole again.

The folks in Tom McInerney's gentle and beguiling *Goodnight, My Number* (2011) may not have any literary pretensions, but they do worry that the big L that's LRC brother whatever that is is passing them by in their segment in the prize lottery. It starts with a husband and a wife. It ends with a wife and a husband's son. We've all



been beloved and comforted by ourselves. Other books worth reading this month: *Just as Gay* by Douglas Coupland's *Difficulties* and *Christie's* by *Christie's*. 2011 is a document of depression. New kid David Gibson fits as with his marvellously well-told collection of short stories, *Arms of the World* (2011), can't help but to be a bit of a mess. *Somebody's* by *Somebody's* is a bit of a mess. *Somebody's* is a bit of a mess. *Somebody's* is a bit of a mess.

Somebody's is a bit of a mess. *Somebody's* is a bit of a mess. *Somebody's* is a bit of a mess. *Somebody's* is a bit of a mess. *Somebody's* is a bit of a mess. *Somebody's* is a bit of a mess.

—*Adrienne Miller*

What you're looking for.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Smoking. Cigarette Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, and May Complicate Pregnancy or Cause Birth Defects.

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The Bottle

Sometimes the future feels so close you can almost pour it in your hand. Take, for instance, Internet wine shopping. The drive-in-er status, you don't have to make a date in boredom while a clerk drags an about his encounter with Chardonnay, and walk like live Virtual Vineyard, from Wine Time, and Claret provide you with screenshots of actually useful information about their wines. And much of the stock comes from smaller wineries that don't get shelf space at your local store-and-veg pop. Want to buy an impact bottle for Friday night? Key in what's important and click "Go." Dozens of wines and prices are displayed with links to everything from vineyard pictures to wine-taster files. Click on an \$84.99 1.5L John Smith 1 Year after Lager of top complex power (that's!) No a few bottles, and a six-pack—the box comes up at your front door. One small catch: Unless you live in California or one of a few other states, you've probably hit the limit. It may seem an American that we wouldn't be allowed to buy a perfectly legit substance the easiest way of the land (or, for that is, an shipped in the flag as the Twenty-first Amendment, which allows all 50 states to regulate "intoxicating liquors"

individually. And there are no doubts within many states—those authorities and retailers—who don't appreciate being bypassed by out-of-state shipments to consumers. For years, states have waded with this practice, despite the fact that twenty-one have it outright and the other twenty-nine regulate it. But Florida and Georgia have recently passed felony and misdemeanor laws, and several other states have taken up the hue and cry at the same Web service, if any that will send wine to these states. "I actually see these crackdowns as good news," claims Virtual Vineyard's proprietor Peter Gussell. "It's like it's almost a gasp on the part of microbrewed interests." Maybe, but while they're wheeling, you might want to talk your neighbor into signing for any deliveries. —Richard Kelly



Quick! How do you locate it? If that time of year again. Any day now, the great drought begins. If you don't get the last box at the supermarket, you won't be able to sink your teeth into what Billy Crystal once called "the greatest cocaine on earth" until at least September. Millions will soon disappear from the shelves and frustrate buyers in Philadelphia (except behind their eyes) as the fall starts because the tin, dark chocolate deems them another: the dust of marshmallow set atop the peaches-crinker base is just too sensitive to fold all the best of spring and summer. If you see outside the

Northwest, where they've been sold since 1913, you might not even be aware of Millions unless you see Rose O'Grady! Never saw them in her shower bumped into a member of the cab. Like the bride from New Jersey who had been shipped for her wedding in the Midwest. Or the recipient father who's been known to set a deflating on the body of his pregnant wife and let his child-in-waiting that the cocaine mess of all worth while. Not despite such affliction only stay three million Millennials are made each year. And by the end of April, there will be left. —Ced Fuxsman

MILLICANNES, MA, SPINSTER. LEFT: MARK MATHIASO. © SHUTTERSTOCK/ARTISTBYDUSTY

Lawn-Mower Men

If you were to hear the words "lawn mower rights," would you be intrigued, confused or wary, very afraid? In your soul, have you never had the urge to see what that zipper in the sheet could really do if you opened it or up on a truck? Take heart, quietly despite that ear-earl avowal. There actually is a United States Lawn Mower Racing Association with about four hundred members, and a race club that cuts across the fluted plain. The sport has its origins in the land of our former colonial oppressor on the other side of the Atlantic, but the domestic version is as Middle America as newk-ell: if you've got a riding mower, a crash helmet, a piece for horsepower glory and a respectable beer, you're well qualified. You'll have to contact the board and decide whether you want to run, stack, prepare or



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ARTIST BY: MATT NORDSTROM

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Queen Cole

Gay won't want to admit this, but there is risk at Ming what used to be called a "top singer" there's a risk that she won't be risky enough and that one day you'll be at a party and your new sonic capsule will be there, sandwiched between the Sals and the "smooth jazz" between Scott McAlister and they're about the girl. And that was my problem with Holly Cole. I was afraid that she was original without being authentic. I mean, she doesn't sing her own songs, and the songs she does sing the kind of crooner stuff in a happy, adjustable, kitsch and I was afraid that the honesty she projects in her songs went to a certain place, was somewhat derivative. I was afraid—all right. If I say it, that she was a girl, no matter how a guy, girl and that somewhere down the line to find out that she was her music and she was taking the risk of going all in, and that I had nobody to let down but her.

See, I wasn't convinced with Holly Cole and that's the thing with guys and the girl

singers we love—we need convincing, we like our girl singers to be invulnerable. We like the tough or desperate, handy or offbeat—we like their authenticity—reveler or total rebel. We like the Sals, we like Classic Rock, we like high pretensions like jazz and not minimalist jazz, we like ballbreakers and slow job crooners, we like Stevie Nicks and PJ Harvey and Courtney when she sings Kurt's songs and Fiona when she goes down to her knees and Jon Mitchell if only because she shows all her own number.

So why should we love Holly Cole? Well, she tells lies in a voice that for herself—in a voice that is dark and deep, a voice at odds with itself, a voice that tries to convince us that she doesn't give a shit but never really does because it is too damned big, even when it is trying to sound small. The other night at a show, she came out with her face almost palatable and her eyes leech and dry, and she sang a Tom Waits song and lied about it.

A Singer Speaks

Holly Cole on people judging her because she doesn't sing her own songs. "It's like, it was 1945, it wouldn't be a problem. We live in the era of the singer-songwriter, which is fine, but some artists like listening to music and say, 'Wow, these are great songs. I just wish someone else had sung them.' Or 'What a great voice—too bad you write your own material.'"

On her own style: "It's like an understatement. Have you ever seen that 'duff' between Celine Dion and Barbra Streisand? I watch that and say, 'God, that can't be happening.' When you throw legs like each other after getting some sounding high notes, I'm like, 'What's going on here?' In this music, or in this Top Gun? It's all so forced and contrived, and I just don't, um, dig it... at all."

No really—the old. She said, "This is from my album *Intention*. It's about a party I had at my house" (then, without a word of credit or compensation to Waits, she sang "Angie" to "It's My Soul" as though she was sincerely, dutifully trying to entertain anyone to stop her instead, her whole performance was a drink like song songs by Waits, by Jon Mitchell, by the Stones, for God's sake, and of every song she sang, she was saying the same thing, which was that there was nothing she couldn't sing, or shouldn't, that no lead was as sacred as the rock that profaned it, that every song she performed was only about what her performance and it was about...)

which is why I really don't get Holly Cole until I see her perform and my suspicion of her gives way to a sudden relief. Here, we're not watching her stand there with a very expensive-burn variable but rather a woman with ferocity in her heart, whose idea of risk was spelled out in her insolent and unblinking eyes and whose indelicately cabaret stomped with the sheer joy of making us beg if Oh she was a gutsy girl all right, this Holly Cole, she had balls, grace, and at the end of the show, it was guys who thronged the lip of the stage, balking out their hands to her, this girl singer who taught them that the biggest risk of all was allowing themselves to believe the lies she told them with her heart on her sleeve. —Tom Jarama



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Man at his best



City of Hope

Nothing gives them a better nobody named there exists. Now, in Dallas, The Laboratory of Our Future (Lapere, \$35), Eugene's Charles Bowden, in Chicago with Neve Chernomyr and Lubbock author Eduardo Girella, brings us that new destination, Jalisco, Mexico, which has gone through some changes since Bob Dylan wandered in "Just Like Tom Thumbs a Kiss." Try our star today three hundred foreign actors are paying three bucks a week, cardboard chairs, two million people are going to come to destroy the American system and local awareness that would make all Capote green with envy, and you've got the model here of the new world order. Check by and with our own beloved Bill Peck, Kevin, Julia, in this what comes across a whole American cost salsa. With a hundred photographs—the one above is all the cover—by thirteen amazing Mexican photographers that will satisfy any camera. And like any good blackboard or cigar box, to love for the whole world.

Dangerous Knowledge

We would not speculate on why someone like you—someone obviously far from zipping along, legal problems, or even a criminal record—would want to create an identity in order to get into his current identity and support it with an entirely new one. All we know is that it's a startlingly easy thing to do, says Vincent Peraz, New York private eye. First, do some research. Go back to the obits the year you were born and find someone who died very young. Because he didn't get the chance to create a paper trail, you're going to become him. Now on to ID. Start with something cheap and easy. Some mail-order companies offer legit-looking cards and most obits have photos that can help (with a few decent pictures) and several pieces of mail addressed to the new you. You're ready for your first institutional endorsement, the library card. With that and the mail, and it's a trip to city records for the birth certificate, the cooperation of the creator of my new identity with the birth certificate, the mail, and the library card, you're a shoo-in for the ultimate in legitimate American identification: the driver's license. According to Peraz, you're done off 'rying all this down south, where, he says, "they're more trusting." From there, how'll you get the accounts that make up most companies, business cards, credit membership in the appropriate organizations (Kawano, Lantieri, and so on), and of course a subscription to the nation's one true read magazine, *Rolling Stone* 300-303-3400.

The Field of Dreams

I have an eye for an eye of corn that I stole because of Kevin Costner. Of course, we can all agree that like *Twelve Years a Slave* and *Indecent*, the word would be a better place without Kevin Costner. I'd like we can also agree that professional baseball is such a terrific mess these days—the league continuing, naturally during the regular season, divisional playoffs, owners running track without a commissioner—but the game should simply be taken out behind the barn and shot. Only *Big League* could still love it as much as we all should.

But going back to Costner. He had a hand in at least one decent thing, albeit inadvertently and it had to do with baseball. He helped create a legend in a cornfield in the absolute middle of nowhere that would be *Denver*. Now that has become a holy place for those who pine for the game's unadorned roots. You saw it in *Field of Dreams*, the 1989 adaptation of W. P. Kinsella's novel *Shoeless Joe*. When the movie wrapped, they left the field. The first round, a New Yorker whose name is lost to history arrived on May 3, 1989, and they've kept coming from all over the world ever since—in estimated 500 five thousand each year, although no body keeps precise track because there's no admission charge.

This piece of Hollywood artifice has become a strangely spiritual place, largely because it's so simple. There's the field, the benches, two small, six-week stands, a parking lot, just old white farmhouse, and always enough holes for a prelude baseball game that doesn't stop until the crowd fills. As the ghostly voice said, "If you build it, they will come." And a few of them will still do it. —Patrick Bruch



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PHOTO: PAUL BRUCH
AND THE OTHER PHOTOGRAPHERS OF THE WORLD

Pregame Warm-Up

Any old aficionado might suggest reading *The Boys of Summer* or *Ball Four* to get in the mood for baseball. But what about *Happy Gilman* and *Vin Scully* and the bliss of a game of *Knack-a-Loo!* Here are ten favorite print, audio, video, and playground experiences for the coming season from a guy who ought to know.

When It Hits a Game (BBC docu-mentary) You see rare color footage of Jackie Robinson in a Brooklyn Dodgers uniform, with that iconic gray face beneath the blue cap standing in Yankee Stadium during the World Series. Or splendorous Ted Williams at the peak of his youthful powers, hitting a homer in the first inning. Forget anything at the game and his place in it. Simple yet striking images like these evoke a feeling for baseball that no commentary could explain or enhance.

ESPN Unleash of Ken Burns's *Base Ball* The story of the Negro Leagues, beautifully told, with natural (and sure to) feel as principal voice

Myler Leiper This has to be the best Leiper's finest work since his *Baseballs*. *Ravenous* got muted. A web page lists twenty fans' takes of the catcher and hits to the screen. Leiper's "Jackass" is a bit outside: "The 'It' element is its ease: 'That's the comic and mixed.'"

Happy Gilman's Knack-a-Loo! (ESPN Sports Network) Captures the way that no one watching ever could see: was once the (comic) aspect of the game. A party (as expected), middle-aged men (as a Brooklyn Dodgers uniform and photo) a premiere show at Citi Field, surrounded by New York sports lovers who get to meet their Goddard hero. A highlight: A coach (who's teacher James Hickey III) (who's) lessons are an important part of a kid's upbringing. You

know. Hey, we have a saying: 'The boy who blows a horn will never blow a sale.' " Amen

Eight Men Out John Sayles Once said from everything he knows about sports he learned from Roberto Clemente. Sayles' finest work.

The Babe Ruth Story with William Bantini. Critics miss the point: The film is so bad that it comes full of its own brilliance.

Young Man If you really have time to kill, go to the microphone for Dick Young's *Clubhouse Confidential* set columns back in the '50s and '60s. I can tell you the *New York Daily News* still has a stash of Young in that sepia. Don't bother with pages flying from his typewriter. Some remember Young as an old reactionary but in his prime, there never was a better baseball writer.

The Perfect Game Listen to Vin Scully's radio broadcast of Sandy Kousser's final masterpiece. If you see down and worried, you could not get more about a single year. The craft of broadcast writing related to an art form.

Bill Dahlen The best baseball movie. Ron Shelton shows that the romance of baseball is in the real world we create, not in the ideal world.

Knack-a-Loo! "What's the deal? You're not a fan of Knack-a-Loo!" With some friends, I started a baseball card against a bedroom. Has anyone at all will take a few steps back and try to knock it down by hell flipping that throwing one of the cards from your collection. First one to knock it down wins. A mis becomes part of the job. The pot can get up to fifty cards or more before someone pulls it out. Hey, there's strategy involved here. In my day only the dumb kids would toss out their lone heavy Airer or their first at-bat. The shrewd ones paired with their south Hector Lopez. For more drama, change the rules. Knock down the home on the first shot and you win all your opponents' cards. Won't the poor kid who even before his first toss, has to hand over his entire shoe box. —DICK COUSID



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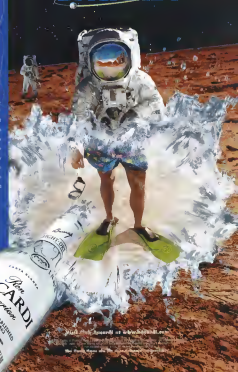
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We're hooked: From left, *SportsCenter* anchors Stuart Scott, Mike Rezac, Dan Patrick, Rob Leo Rich, Evan, and Charley Steiner

Ba-da-bomp. Ba-da-bomp.

Nineteen years. Twenty thousand broadcasts.

The most imitated show in the five-hundred-channel universe.

But here's the best indication of the true power of ESPN's *SportsCenter*: Charley Steiner is a star.

TWENTY-NINE, soon is *talk*, except for a thin stream of window light as its far end. An audible horns sound from the arena by how. An ambulance waits in the far distance. Music plays from upstairs from the lounge. The legs fall in a pile by the door. The coat falls in a heap on one bed, and I fall in a heap on the other. It might be Charlene or Denise, a Wotan or a Marlene. It's half past gypsy nighttime in bonus-point America.

The boys and the wench and the waltz go into the ice bucket, or into my hat if I'm wearing one. Eventually, when the cat at last pop clear and my system finally awakes, three legs of arctic geariness go a standing down, the eye-glasses will go into my shoe. For now though, the peanuts seem to be ahead on points, and I'm working on the

whole ear business by chewing a stick of gum like Mike Ditka, who is the greatest cheerer of gum in the history of the world. The sounds from outside are soft and muffled. The room is strange and silent. I'm looking for noise, for contact, for a wider world. In the dark, I grab for the remote.

An old movie comes up first. Donnie Reed is an Indian maiden guiding Fred McMurphy through the wilderness.

Click.
Oh, here are some politicians and some partisan journalists yelling at one another.

Click.
"Here's Linn with the *DigitalSportsCenter* weather."

Click.
"Kramer, you idiot!"
Click.
"Nervous!"
Click.

Suddenly, in sharp contrast with what has come before, there is music and talk, there is speed and color. Someone runs from the floor for a jump shot. It might be the Hawks or the Nuggets. It might be the *FleetCrew* or the Garden. The ball flies straight and

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A MOMENT OF PLEASURE WITH THE 100MM CIGARETTE

the game

true, dead through the ongoing struggle "Boo-yah!" says a voice as my television screen.

My ears clear. My stomach settles. We are back on marked handings again. The world has returned to its original, upright and locked-in position I reach for the telephone to call home.

Anyway, that's my SportsCenter moment.

To do-beep. To do-beep.

SOMEWHERE FAR FROM Bristol, Connecticut, on a starry Texas night, a coach is going overboard. It seems that Jerry Jones, the wealthy landman who owns the Dallas Cowboys, has decided that it's time he got rid of Barry Switzer. On Thursday night, about 11:45 eastern standard time, that thoughtfully assigned development is leaked out of the news's headquarters in the general direction of the Associated Press. Jones is trying to contact his own lawyer for at least half a news cycle.

Up in Bristol, at the heart of the endlessly expanding nation of ESPN, there are fifteen minutes left in that night's regular 11:00 PM SportsCenter broadcast. In the control booth, the AP story comes up over the wire. It is dispatched by speedy assistant to anchor Steve Levy. It winds up at the final man on the show. Elsewhere, ESPN correspondents are being jugged out of their beds. That night's regular 1:00 AM SportsCenter will

many ways, the story of sports over that time has been that of a man attempt to disrupt this fact. This distorted pretense collapses completely in the face of the popularity of SportsCenter simply as a television show, with regular champions grown as familiar as Mary and Murray or Jerry and Elaine. These days, it is nearly impossible to avoid SportsCenter just as it is nearly impossible to avoid ESPN entirely now that its empire includes four television networks, a radio network, a Web site, and more recently, a national magazine. SportsCenter is now the empire's most notable identity. There are seven hours of it daily. Some ESPN employees are honest enough to admit to being slightly annoyed by the fact that in the wilderness, there are more hours of SportsCenter than there are hours of daylight. And, sometime in May, ESPN will broadcast its twenty thousandth original SportsCenter program. Clearly Jerry Jones never had a prayer.

Moreover, SportsCenter has developed into the model not only for overnight broadcasts on ESPN but is not an actual sporting event, but for much of everything else that runs on cable. Scan the pay television universe, now riddled with niche programming chiseled from the larger niches first carved out by CNN and ESPN. ESPN beat the Golf Channel

thinking about how the dunk is going to look on SportsCenter that night? Fifteen athletes scramble for a chance to play themselves in those slumpy post-season SportsCenter moments.

ANOTHER SPORTSCENTER moment, not my own.

It is a night in 1999. The anchors are pacing the hallways of the ESPN studios. They know there is going to be a SportsCenter. They just don't know when it will be going on the air. Anxiously, one of the anchors tracks down a producer, who is scribbling orange figures on a pad of paper and looking like fifty pounds of hopes in a sea of despair.

So, the anchor asks, when is SportsCenter going to be on?

The producer looks up from his scribbling, his eyes spinning counter-clockwise.

"Sooner or later," he answers. "I'm working on it right now."

To do-beep. To do-beep.

It IS NOW. On the night of September 7, 1999, when a man named Lee Leonard appears on ESPN but is plain to a skeptical world, what the whole mad enterprise was about. There would be college sports until hell wouldn't have them. Someone named Adrian Mutzall decided in from London John Forsythe—halfway between Babe Ruth and

In its formative years, ESPN existed without a signature show. Its novelty was its identity.

certain not only a story about Switzer's impending demise, but also a package reviewing the glowing memories that marked Switzer's career with the Cowboys, a package that will surely pose the question "What kind of idiot hired a fool like this to coach his football team?" This was the question Jerry Jones was trying to stay at least half a day ahead of Jones's was not a bad move. It just wasn't good enough.

Over the last fifty years, sports have crested themselves in a haze, part of American popular culture. It

as steady as CNN made possible Court TV and the Weather Channel. All of these smaller specialty networks have some sort of regular nightly show in which the news of the niche is reported and analyzed. And all of those shows look and feel like SportsCenter.

In addition, SportsCenter has changed not only the way the country looks at sports but also the way those sports look at themselves. "Jesus" a famous college coach complained during last spring's Final Four, "I've got kids going up to the 21st floor, and they're

Dynasty—explorer and the technology. Then Leonard shows the show to his light. A man named George Grande caught it without a bobble.

"This," Grande said, "is what we call the SportsCenter."

Among the other things John Forsythe told us that night was that cable television had now reached out to an astonishing fourteen million homes. With the possible exception of CNN, ESPN did more than any other entity to shatter the broadcast networks' comfortable assumption that cable would shape itself into hole more than

Not all superheroes wear capes. This one wears shorts and a t-shirt.

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In its formative years, ESPN aired ed without a signature show. Its novelty was its identity. It was the show that showed every damn game of the NCAA basketball tournament. It was the place that showed tractor pulls and arm wrestling. It was the place that showed Australian rules football in the ten years that it took the country to get used to the idea of ESPN. SportsCenter floated around as the network's orphan.

ANOTHER SPORTSCENTER MOMENT, not my own.

ESPN anchor Dan Patrick is walk-

ing through a head lobby a few nights before a Super Bowl in Tokyo. At events such as the Super Bowl, hotel lobbies differ from the Second Bank of Bull Run only in that nobody fought at Manhattan wearing a wedge of cheese for a hat. As Patrick and his wife negotiate their way through crowds of assembling enthusiasts, one of the assembled begins to shout things at him.

"Do you?" one fan yells.

"The what?" replies another.

Dan Patrick's wife is baffled. Why are these drunks yelling at my husband in code?

Don't worry her husband assures her. It's friendly fire.

Be do-beep! Be do-beep!

Dan Patrick finally swings into his office on a gray and overcast day in January. He is wearing his fur coat into a new home and is glad to escape not only the inclement chaos but also the strangely anachronistic publicity. A local newspaper has taken a picture of his new home and run it under the headline *ESPN STAR BUYS MANHATTAN*. Suffice it to say that that never happened to Lee Leonard—or perhaps even to John Forsythe. "It's only a mansion because it's big and because some shopping magnets built a year ago," Patrick explains.

Well, yes, the Vanderbilts always figured that qualified.

A decade ago, Patrick could've

pitched a tent on the White House lawn without anyone noticing. He was languishing at CNN, barely in the basement of the place, when he saw a note in the newspaper that a man named John Walsh was taking over the noon opinions at ESPN, which naturally included SportsCenter. Patrick called immediately. "I said, 'Do you want to hire me?' He said me that he did and that we should talk," Patrick recalls. "I asked him when and he said, 'How about Tuesday?' And that was it. I was hired that Tuesday."

Walsh already was a minor legend in sporting and publishing circles, both for having shepherded the org-

an into Sports magazine to a position where it had justly challenged Sports Illustrated (in every sense except the financial) and for his general enthusiasm for, well, everything. When he arrived at ESPN as a consultant in 1987, Walsh found that he had the whereabouts he'd lacked with his magazine. "John always was an emperor in search of an empire," says one admirer.

"By the time I got here," Walsh says, "you could see the potential. They had the NFL by then, and college football and basketball, and the NHL, and those sports were really taking off. But the best people on SportsCenter were being siphoned off the show part of their time. My point was to have a flagship show that was on every night."

Walsh figured the SportsCenter format so that it meant closely assembled front-page-of-a-newspaper-thats-did-a-local-sports-broadcast. If the day's biggest story happened to involve the Chicago Bulls, the viewer wasn't then dragged through endless NBA highlights before reaching the next biggest story, which might involve the Detroit Lions. He also insisted that his anchors write their own material, and most of them ran with that like people set free from heavy chains.

"I think the celebrity part of it was almost a by-product," Patrick insists. "I don't think anybody meant to do it."

The genius ran from the main-

streamer Chris Berman to the deadpan charm of Charley Steiner, whose demeanor and Tony Danza was about to the level of performance art. As its SportsCenter anchors became better known, ESPN commissioned the advertising agency of Wieden & Kennedy to create a series of advertising campaigns built around the show. The commercials were masterpieces of adolescent postmodernism. Giant NFL players the piano in the ESPN lobby, the UConn Husky wandering aimlessly through the newsroom. Dan Patrick vainly seeking someone, anyone to take a term carrying the famously argued generalist Ken Stang around the star-

do, Steiner being "traded" from SportsCenter to Miami Beach and winding up as a pool boy.

While all this was going on, Walsh sharpened the show's news-gathering functions. SportsCenter began to look serious and to embark on complicated enterprise reporting. The balance between interviewing personalities and careful reporting was so delicately struck that the three SportsCenter broadcasts developed individual personalities. The early-evening SportsCenter was usually thin on highlights so it became home to longer features. The 11:00 PM show allowed the anchors to comment on the incoming highlights virtually on the fly, which is how most of the catchphrases that so baffled Dan Patrick's wife at the Super Bowl were born. The 1:00 AM show is a little more relaxed, although it carries the same quirkiness of any show beamed at people who are watching sports at that hour of the morning.

The culmination of the form was what became known as the Big Show—the 1:00 PM SportsCenter that was hosted for five years by Patrick and Keith Olbermann. Patrick's dry instability contrasted perfectly with that of Olbermann's superb talent and a legitimate TV eccentric. The two played off each other splendidly even though there was a certain unsettling edge of creepy superiority to a lot of Olbermann's banter. (He

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desired to long for the day when he could criticize mainstream black athletes like Albert Ellis. "Just because they dressed it 'Wah, man, I have a dream, too.' [Candidly, Obamas slipped over the line from critique into tooniness again]. Last August, he left ESPN for a new interview show on MSNBC. His departure was messy and became at least a minor media event. Nothing like that ever happened to Lee Ibrando, either.

ANOTHER SPORTSCENTER INCIDENT, not entirely my own.

My twelve-year-old son is going off to school one morning, a short walk through the streets of our suburban neighborhood. I'll hit goodbye I wish him well in his studies. I remind him that he has a classmate named that after noon. And this is how my son, child of a child of the suburbs, replies: He loses the tips of his first two fingers and he thumps them skyward in a V, shouting in a voice that is as close as a twelve-year-old can come to obnoxious: "Boo-ya!"

"Boo-ya," he says, and he is off leaving me staring out the front door. Bo-ya boomp. Bo-ya boomp.

KATHY GARDNERMAN'S replacement on SportsCenter was Kenny Mayne, who is even more despised than Charley Steiner. (In his days on the fledgling ESPN, Mayne regularly thanked his viewers for having electricity.) Mayne had aimed his career career at ESPN, once

was so symptomatic of a larger challenge: SportsCenter and, through it, ESPN have to find a way to maintain their reputation as the leader in the field without sacrificing the ratings charm that made them popular in the first place. Although they are in competition with both the CNN-Sports Illustrated combine and the Fox network's new national sports operation, ESPN has to discover how to be the Establishment Voice without becoming the Voice of the Establishment. In short, it has to avoid becoming what the networks were before the real people in Brand took them on.

It's a big challenge, and it's one we've addressed on a national basis," says Walsh. "It's part of the culture here from the beginning, because all these guys ever did was look at the networks and wonder how we could be better. Now our challenge is, How do we remain the challenger and still stay ahead of our competition, stay aware of the competition, stay the networks was never aware of us?"

If Rob Ley, a charter member of the ESPN crew, represents ESPN's link to its urban beginnings and Patrick represents its rise to prominence, then so far as it is probably represented by Mayne and by Stuart Scott, the effervescent anchor usually seen on the 10 a.m. show and then on all those screens the next morning. Scott is a thirty-two-year-old Chicagoan, a North Carolina graduate who woodshedded at sixteen all over

both watching ESPN and without.

One critic called Scott ESPN's most "controversial" anchor, a word you don't usually use to describe someone so docile. Another said that Scott wasn't as effective at integrating his "we" into his broadcast as were Patrick and Obamasian (okay maybe) or even the departed Steve Haber, who was as prominently as funny as he was dip.

"I have to walk a tighter line," Scott says. "I do recognize that there is an African American audience that relates to me a) simply because I'm black and b) because my style is going to be funnier to them. I'm doing it purposefully to prove that you can be diverse and do this job."

Allen Murray made it clear thirty years ago that the dominant idiom of American popular culture is an African American one. It was the dominant idiom of all those white hipsters hoarding the port dubs in the 1960s, and it is the dominant idiom of all those white teenagers who buy all those rap albums today. It is the dominant idiom of African sports, and it is at the idiom writer's hands that Stuart Scott has chosen to do his job. If SportsCenter is to survive as its own center, it cannot only steal the way that the networks did. It must recreate its own children, and that means the sensibilities of Drew Larimer and of P. Funk must prevail. If there's room for "En Jany," there's got to be room for whatever comes after it—and can I

If there's room for "En fuego!" there's room for "Boo-ya!"

even taking a job knocking the damn out of trash cars rather than doing a local sports gig that might interfere when ESPN came calling. "I was calling these people all the time," Mayne says. "They finally called me back like five months later, and I was shocked. I sort of ate it in the interview, but at least I was in the pool." That was back in 1991. Mayne was hired by ESPN in 1993.

Mayne's ascendancy is the most obvious evidence of a recent phenomenon—the arrival at ESPN of the ESPN generation. For the first time, the network is hiring people who grew up on the network, and that phenom-

enon is symptomatic of a larger challenge: ESPN has to find a way to maintain their reputation as the leader in the field without sacrificing the ratings charm that made them popular in the first place. Although they are in competition with both the CNN-Sports Illustrated combine and the Fox network's new national sports operation, ESPN has to discover how to be the Establishment Voice without becoming the Voice of the Establishment. In short, it has to avoid becoming what the networks were before the real people in Brand took them on.

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get a woman from the congregation?

Boo-ya
 Amen

ONE LAST SPORTSCENTER INCIDENT, not my own.

Dan Patrick is in the delivery room, awaiting the birth of his second child. Matters proceed apace. The major moment occurs: joy and delight. Love and happiness. Huzzahs all around. And as he waits his new child for the very first time, from behind the mask of one of the attending physicians, this is what Dan Patrick has to say:

Bo-ya boomp. Bo-ya boomp. ■

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By Greg Donaldson

Street Fighter

Strange to say about your wife...

My wife was on the rampage again, going nuts about something I did or didn't do. When this happens, most men gaze at the dock all the women's eyes. Or steady the angry woman's eyes for a conciliatory glimmer. Not me—I watched Gina's left hand for that whistling hook she liked to throw.

Gina and I had fallen in love in the usual way. She was six-foot-two and slim as a blade, an aspiring model with a sly wit and a sense of style like scenery. A few days after our first date, Gina showed up at my door unannounced, in a short skirt, short-sleeved blouse and small gifts, then sat for four hours in a grimy garage while I waited to have my transmission fixed. She was my dream girl!

Fasten, I paid no attention when she worried me about her inter-gear jamper. I actually laughed when Gina told me she had been expelled from high school for fighting.

She had been raised in Flint, Michigan, where the men made good money working double shifts in the auto plants and the women spent their free time carrying out wastebins. A rough place, to be sure, and by the time she was a six-foot teenager, she was even rougher than her surroundings. But I'm a six-foot-four, two-hundred-pound ex-college athlete from a working-class town myself. Besides, I had always liked strong, cool women. You can keep Gwyneth Paltrow. Give me Lauren Bacall in *To Have and Have Not*. Stay, debutant, and so tough.

I even believed there was a practical side to my preference for tough women. Who wants a partner who is going to stand aside and scream while some nigger has you by the throat? I was willing to give up some degree of comfort for a woman who would excite me and worth my back.

BY STEVE MERRIN

MISSONI



I wanted a warmer warmer.

And for my sins, I guess, I got one. A couple of months after we married during we were driving down the highway to the beach. Gina sat beside me in the front seat of the Buick, and a friend of mine rode in the back. "Leslie." I blurted, using the name of my previous girlfriend. I finished the sentence but noticed an ominous

hundreds of people." I stepped outside the next punch and drilled a sharp jab under Gina's ribs. She went down. It was easy. I simply stepped over her body and walked up the side.

I certainly wasn't proud of the fact that I had hit Gina. It wasn't simple reflex or even uncontrollable anger that finally forced my hand. It was something as unworthy as

corn as I hauled away from the scene. But I wasn't worried about the reaction of others. I was worried about her. If she had punched me over anything, what the hell would she do now?

Back in the apartment, I stood my ground in the middle of the living room and waited for Gina's entrance. She blazed through the front door and came at me. We stumbled and

"If this were a movie and you punched me out," she said once, "the crowd would applaud."

glance stole over Gina's features. I didn't want to go through an afternoon of unnecessary anger, so I made a childish bargain that may have changed my life. "All right," I said, leaving over to peddle the sweaty part of my shoulder. "Give me a punch—one good shot and the whole thing will be over."

Gina roared back and delivered a solid right-hand blow to my cheekbone. My vision went blurry as my nervous system recoiled from the assault. The car drifted to the left and they both came across lanes of traffic toward the shoulder. I peeled over to a bumpy stop, with my buddy shrieking "Fucking insane!" and "Accept it, man!"

But there would come a time when I did. I instinctively cocked my fist and turned to Gina. She stared back at me, unafraid and utterly unrepentant. I didn't hit her, of course.

It wasn't hard much to set her off. Once, after we were married, we had a fight in a movie theater that was truly a spectacle. We had sat in one of the first few rows of the packed theater. When the film was over, I made a move to leave. Gina wanted to say and watch the credits. As I rose to move past her, she shoved me down. I pushed her back and she hit me. We stood up as the lights came on. She hit by a couple of nose-bleed punches at my head, which I managed to block. There it dawned on me: "I'm getting dicked out by a woman in front of

public embarrassment. But I didn't cringe at what I had done. I had hit a woman for the first time in my life, though I never felt I had violated a taboo. I wasn't trying to hurt Gina, I was trying to stop her.

That pain frightened me a bit, too. I knew there was no book of rules for the life we were leading. Yes, I probably should have left Gina, but I never even considered that. And I didn't want to hear any advice about us either.

I've always wondered why I was drawn so quickly into Gina's frenetic world. Before we were married, I tried to convince her that there was a better way to live. Once, I begged her from midnight to a blue dawn to stop talking out. Nevertheless, there was something deep inside me that accepted the violence so easily.

Years later, I decided it had to do with a crack in my own psyche. The sound of merely average beauty my self. I had always been fascinated by physical courage. A documentary I once saw on Medal of Honor winners was enough to reduce me to tears.

I believed there was a hard, silent spot at the core of the kind of man I wanted to be. And I had always judged harshly that persistent coil of anxiety in my own heart when real danger approached. If allowed, instead, Gina's searing proximity to fire. She was a master of coordination. She struck quickly and never second-guessed herself. In a deep and unshakable way, she was my hero.

After I knocked Gina down in the movie theater, I did feel some real con-

trasted a bit on the couch as I tried to keep her from hitting me again, and then it was over. Within a day, we were breath to breath once more, meticulous in each other's eyes.

Things would go smoothly for a while, then she would snap again. One time, she sucker punched me in bed with the lights out after I had said something she didn't like. I grabbed her wrist, twisted her around, and wrapped her legs around my own. She tried to bite my arm, so I adjusted my hold up under her chin and held her still. In five minutes, she was asleep.

By this time, we were so close that I felt as if we were one person. But I knew we had a serious problem.

After the incident in the movie theater, I never punched Gina again. I used to pummel her blazes, shake her, and toss her on the couch. My fighting was always restrained, unflinching, defensive. And I never thought of leaving Gina. The idea of leaving the woman I craved, the woman I had conjured, over one seemingly manageable personality flaw was too much for me.

I remember I held a powerful conviction that her uncontrollable impulses were somehow linked to her passion for me. Conventional relationships paled in comparison with the order we felt for each other. Trust and civility were for the timid and the aged. "When you're as young and hot as we are, there are boxes to be sparked," I remembered.

And, frankly another reason I adjusted to such a bizarre relationship



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was the confidence that came from being bigger than she was. Though Gina was tall and an experienced fighter (average to say about your wife, I guess she could never actually beat me in a fight), I outweighed her by more than sixty pounds.

So I never considered myself a "battered husband." I wasn't some poor wretch taking hits from a bewary fistless. She would draw blood occasionally with her finger nails, but I never suffered a broken bone or a serious injury. I wasn't afraid of Gina, though I did tremble a bit when she turned around quickly.

THE MORE WE FIGHTED, the less we saw clearly and finally. After a while, it was just as if in our own strange world. Our actions were acutely irritating—"jerk you and me, baby!"—and it made the physical skirmishes easier to tolerate. At work, I blamed the scratches and abrasions on tree branches and touch football games.

I just collected the soiled sheets and tossed them back into the washing machine. I wasn't angry. I wasn't even upset. It was some how comfortable I had become in the midst of the mayhem.

Late, however, I began to realize how far up the river I had traveled. In our second year together, Gina got a job as a waitress at an exclusive nightclub. She wore a white tuxedo and greeted the celebrities, made sure they got all the little extras they desired. Everybody loved her, and one night when the liquor manager made a pass at her. When she cursed him out, he fired her. A couple of months later, as we walked together she spotted the guy on the other side of the street.

"I just want to talk to him," Gina assured me as she strode across the avenue and walked up to the man. I was close enough behind her to catch the flicker of recognition in his eye before she nailed him in the mouth.

I was holding her off with one

of seven, reared the strength to leave Gina. Our love was like a great, sucking whirlpool that pulled me deeper and deeper. The longer it went on, the less able I was to change things or walk out. The truth is that I had bent my personality to match to adapt to Gina so I felt deformed without her.

Gina finally left me. We divorced. Her modeling career took off, and she moved to Europe permanently. One of the last times I talked with her, she was living in Milan with a rich Italian. *Roma ferma brother.*

For months, I sat very still in our small apartment, smoking and staring at the telephone. My mind was spinning with regrets, hard feelings, and plans. At first, I left the apartment only to go to work. Then, armed with some of Gina's anger, I began to walk the city streets late at night looking for trouble.

At five o'clock in the morning, a cab pulled to the curb on a side street and a young woman hopped out. As she headed for the vestibule of her

I was close enough behind her to catch the flicker of recognition in his eye before she nailed him.

We stayed together for four years.

If you have ever witnessed a man abusing a woman on the street, you know what a deeply disturbing sight it is. When people observed Gina and me making it up they weren't sure what they were seeing. Once, a lumbering woman with a large head chomped Gina out of the way to get to a washing machine in the laundry room. Gina protested, and the woman assailed. I was across the room with a handful of clothes when I saw the exchange. I dropped the wet sheets on the dirty floor and bolted toward the store.

Too late. Gina had spun the big lard around and slapped her across the face. I dived between them. Passively looked in the window and were sure I was abusing somebody. In a moment, I had some wry receiver draped around my neck.

After we were all separated, I didn't even bother explaining matters to the churlish fellow. What was the use?

hand and helping the guy up with the other. Gina was the one who'd hit him, but the man's eyes were fixed to me—the male. He must have been wondering what kind of monster I was. I wondered the same thing. Was I the Good Samaritan or one of the bastards? Then what I hear you deserved to get hit," I said harshly and pulled Gina away.

The absurdity of our marriage had become obvious to me. And the role reversal was as confusing as hell. "Lord of the giants," a man cracked one afternoon as we walked past. I quickly checked Gina's mood to see if she was angry enough to retaliate. I was always watching her. Once, a doorman was away so I ut, "Why the hell didn't you say anything to him?" she wanted to know. The truth was, unconsciously, I had called the responsibility for loneliness to her. Like the wit of a violent thief, I was there to answer the light or at least least the carriage.

building, a street guy made a quick run of the avenue. As he trailed her toward the door, I stepped onto the middle of the street, where I could watch both of them. He glanced over his shoulder, saw me and walked back out to where I stood.

"When the fuck are you looking at?" he wanted to know.

"Nice," I said.

He stared at my face for a long moment and faded into the night.

Slowly, I dropped the tough-guy act along with my bitterness. Now my life seems a bit milder, sure. I'm difficult to rattle. I'm certainly not fearless but the threat of violence doesn't upset me as it once did either. I think that might have been one of my goals all along. Before I met Gina, I had been searching for something that would erase the white-head made from my face for good. I was disgusted with my boyish sensitivity, my reflexive optimism.

That stuff is gone now. ■



GRAVITY
FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

wild kingdom
By Mark Leyner

The Candidate



All candidates agree on one thing: the author spazzes in a chaotic, post-9/11 world. (Photo by [unreadable])

The field is wide open. Gut-check time. The place: Nashua, New Hampshire, where presidents are made. You'd have to be an idiot to run. We've got the man: Leyner 2000!

(when I meet a woman for the first time, my woman-crossing gaze superstitious, sudden, gone, sudden, gold, sudden, Nobel laureate—I be come obsessed with who she looks and sounds like when she has an orgasm) I was amazed, though, by several of my most trusted and savvy advisers that this was actually an exemplary psychological profile for an American political leader.

And so it was determined that I make a secret, wharfoad ferry into Nashua to ascertain if I had the potential fit of the belly for a presidential run. New Hampshire is, of course, the one of whom has traditionally been the country's first presidential primary and Nashua—which, in the language of the Am-Nagames Indians of central Brazil, means "the act of blowing something into a body cavity"—was recently named number one in Money magazine's annual Best Places to Live survey.

The plan was to spend two days strolling Main Street and trawling the outlying fields, glad-handing the economy, culminating in a late night portwine of my voter circle at the Nashua Marriott.

Day One, Section 2000

I walk through downtown Nashua on a dapp, in slate gray slacks and red brick facade, to a bayside area where round mills were the engine of a thriving economy. Today the renovated mill buildings of the old Nashua Manufac-

tured a mosaic-tiled palace would be in concrete wars and austere control of a treasury and air force, but until now I was psychologically unable to articulate this dream, even to myself.

Although confident that I possessed a certain oratorical flair—one might even say a oratorical genius for demagoguery—I was nonetheless concerned that a personality deficit might make it difficult, if not impossible, for me to succeed in politics. I'm extremely, extremely shy. Okay, maybe that's euphemistic candy coming for my real problem: a dual proclivity for misanthropy (most men really strike me as obnoxious, fat happy imbeciles) and clinical cynicism.

That it is a treat about politics, not these personal attributes, inevitable actual aspects, corned beef hash, curatation, howling, and how a small circle of vocal poltroons made a decision in a smoke-filled hotel room whose ramifications could potentially threaten the very survival of the republic. And it all takes place within a forty-eight hour time span in a city on the banks of the mighty Merrimack River—a city called Nashua, New Hampshire.

Before you can even hope to understand what happened in this hotel room, some historical background is necessary. All my life, I've secretly



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wild kingdom

turning Company house almost four hundred residential units. The scene may be now done by high-tech and software companies dispersed throughout Greater Nashua. This is possible by a virtual downtown, but I'm not so sure. It's only afternoon on a weekday, and there's, like, nobody around. Luckily, I do encounter a few early pedestrians, upon whom I address my evolving candidate's spiel. "Hello my name is Mark Leyerer. I'm a neo-Bolshevikist who loves to practice running for president of the United States. I advocate the violent redistribution of wealth in this country and the establishment of French and Hindi as the national languages. I would like to exercise the limits of power in Hoboken, New Jersey" (at times, at times. Shivering and blowing water on my cupped hands, I check out my brand-new mustache on the reflection on the window of Aurbach Hardware. Expressly grown for political pur-

Preliminary evaluation of the campaign to date: I don't think people are taking to me terribly well. And quite honestly, the feeling is mutual.

RETURNING LATE this afternoon to my suite at the Marriott, I order up black coffee and a pack of Chocicles—a typical campaign dinner—and study the evening itinerary. There's a surprisingly varied assortment of activities taking place in the Greater Nashua area, many of which might prove politically lucrative to attend. I reduce my options to a La Roche League meeting at the Hollis Library, the Nashua Board of Aldermen meeting, and the Merrimack Valley Antique, Book Club, and, assuming that it might provide a convenient opportunity for some back-scatter discussion, I opt for the afternoon

I don't know how many of you have ever been in an Aldermanic Chamber, but it's not an experience I recommend to the faint of heart. I'm sure you've seen photographs or per-

haps on news for any presidential candidate who's serious about competing in this state's critical primary contest. So, early the next morning, that's exactly where I head for breakfast.

The diner is a spartan affair: two semicircular counters overlooking stacks of stainless steel, it stacks wonderful, nothing of but grease, cigarette smoke, and coffee. I've had great breakfasts all over the world—from the twenty-five thousand franc all-you-can-eat Sunday brunch at Les Gapes in Cap d'Antibes to Belpati Numbowen in Fiji, where the sausage links taste remarkably human—but my breakfast at Nashua's Central Diner ranks right up there with the best of them. Eggs over easy, pan fries, eye sauce, a room-soft slice of corned beef hash, a barometer cup of coffee, and a pack of Marlboro Skis! That's yummy, mate, chief!

Busy by the impossible clock, I attempt to jump start my campaign by chatting up some locals at the counter. My advisors had rehearsed the argu-

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WELCOME TO CIVILIZATION

BY LARRY GREEN © JAMES WATSON/SCOTCH WHISKY (ON THE LEFT) © JAMES WATSON/SCOTCH WHISKY (ON THE RIGHT) © JAMES WATSON/SCOTCH WHISKY (ON THE LEFT) © JAMES WATSON/SCOTCH WHISKY (ON THE RIGHT)

My Belgian-trapeze-artist look appeals to voters.

points, of course. I figured it gave me that sort of indie epique, Belgian-trapeze-artist look that just might appeal to voters up here.

Then, taking a well deserved respite from the rigors of the campaign, I set down for a superb lunch of duck and Cognac caviar at the Coyote Cafe on Main Street. (A seasoned traveler, I've learned that it pays to stick with the cuisine of the region.) Two women are discussing who's scarier—Freddy from *High School* or the shark from *Jaws* from the day's light. I decide to diverge from my prepared remarks (what my advisors refer to as "holding points") and engage in a bit of casual banter. I weigh in with an inconspicuous opinion: "You know what I think is *les*, the way scarier seems in any movie? That scene at the end of *Cloned Hunt II* in which Brigitte Nielsen is about to have sex with the crazy, sadistic guard, and she takes off her response barrier, and our pop Donna Mills and Colette Selbeck, and you realize that they've been in her basket for the entire movie." I pause, what's it's really chilling?

laps over the footage of experimental subjects in Aldermanic Chambers, so you're no doubt familiar with the voracious flapping cheeks, the bulging eyes, and the sudden loss of consciousness expressed within minutes of entry. I let through Resolution 97-04—Relative to the Transfer of 50,000 from Account Number 501 8000 (General Contingency) to Account Number 501 8000 (Financial Services, Miscellaneous Services)—and a 98-07. Eliminating the Landfill One Day Dump Program. Then my cheeks begin to flap violently, my eyes bulge, and I begin to drift in and out of consciousness. I bolt from the chamber and rush outside into the bracingly frigid air. I'm shivering. And for the first time since I arrived in Nashua, I seriously consider shutting down the campaign and going home. No, stupidly, I carry on.

Day Two, Decision 2000

My informants in Nashua have assured me that the Central Diner at 169 Main Street is in fact, the true source of political power in town—the obligatory

place of campaign meetings, so I return to my standard theories about how most men, at least initially, seek sex and shivering, for happy coincidences and the organic gravitation of the American working woman at center. There are several awkward silences, during which everyone wanders at the counter, mainly starts off at a different direction. I take a last swig of coffee, smile down the butt end of my Marlboro, and settle up, leaving an ostentatiously exorbitant tip on the counter just to show the waitress that I'm a slacker.

Next, I drive to the Somerset mall, out near the intersection of Amherst Street and Somerset Parkway. They've got a Kmart, a Golf Dig, a Dress Barn, Fashion Bug, Wildrom, Blockbuster, TCBY Treats and a supermarket called Market Better. Again, my intention is to have casual conversations with average shoppers and perhaps snag their credit on some of the merchandise.

At Kmart, my mate's enticement to stroll up a commission with a saleswoman about the merits of the Central Board of Municipal Treasurer versus the

wild kingdom

Wild Cardless Government And in an effort to enhance my credentials as an outdoorsman, I pursued to compare several brands of wireless deer tick and use them on my cat a Mr Squard Squard! Whole! ("Deer and use successfully by squard hamster Escapes squard!")

At God Day I take a few wild prairie songs with a Great Big Berlin Thirteen Metal Wood, across the staff, and introduce myself "Hello my name is Mark Lyster I'm a neo Republican so listen do prairie music for president of the United States I keep it substance and content."

License at Blockbuster Video where I make simple, often totally gratuitous, recommendations to make good use looking for romantic movies to rent for the weekend. "The Day After Tomorrow" is a must-see and *Ice Age: The Meltdown* is a must-see. "The Day After Tomorrow" is a must-see and *Ice Age: The Meltdown* is a must-see.

Finally at Market Today, two tactical master strokes one showcasing my

chorey Accident involving Alcohol, in central. When political capital I gain here, through a tender.

Not stop Linda Lerner a candlepin bowling alley on Arlington. There are several differences between candlepin bowling and the more widespread lawn. In candlepin, the pins are then not the ball is smaller and lighter and each frame consists of three balls. Most fascinating, though, is the concept of doctored. All filled pins are in play. While doctored will help in making spins and strikes, it can also be very distracting. Allow me to quote one haunting passage from the literature available at the counter: "Scores in candlepin will probably be much lower than you are used to getting in other bowling games. Don't be discouraged. Remember how much hollow and Pin for sportsmanship."

I decided in the least, when I approach a pose of interest in the midst of some amiable but competitive bowling. This turns out to be the most comfort-

able of Press Release Hillary Ross and her loyal assistant, Kate Reid, clothes designer Pam Levy, assistant Susan Kaufman, and former Dallas Cowboys coach Barry Switzer.

The air is an opaque, bluish haze of eggs and cigarette smoke.

"So where are we going? What's the consensus here?" inquires a voice from within the thick smog.

"Who is that?" I ask.

"It's Hillary Ross."

Hillary, ladies and gentlemen, loyal supporters, good friends... "I begin solemnly, "the time has come, in my judgment, to reevaluate this campaign. The votes of New Hampshire cannot and will not accept a Jewish-Jacobin who advocates a convoluted redistribution of wealth and the appointment of Norm Chomsky to the Ben and Jonnie jag in the Cabinet. And they cannot and will not accept a candidate who supports a newly expanded presidential term do sign-off." (Late in the campaign, I'd begin talking for the right of

Presidential Sex is good for the American people.

engagement with foreign policy issues, the other my Barack in domestic discussion. First I actually became married, going to a Hebrew National Beef Saloon nestled next to a Lutheran Synagogue at the left corner. Wouldn't it be wonderful, I remark to a woman per whapping her forehead soldier with his own Super Soldier, if, someday, Jew and Arab could coexist as peacefully as that? And then, as the lavishly stocked printing and sale after taking note of the breadth of its customer base, I heard the words, "Young Man, Romantic by a lady, New Baby in control, I point out that there are several egotistical words in the inventory. What about Brethren Leah Aliza Italian to Toy Loan Shark Vigorish, or Jerry to How About the Baruch, or Sam Petre's Day/Up come (New Year's Eve Such a Bede Young Lass, Since They Knew about Our Year Ago? If suddenly there's a catastrophe of actual voices as follow shop per stresses into the printing and sale yellow suggestions for new categories (Happy Birthday to Unemployed Stepdad from God's Day/Day after From Ma-

able and successful executives with No. 100 of any I love during the entire explanatory campaign I visit the doctor I've been harassing it through-out my year and also breach several newspapers, including "emperor" near a submission in the White House.

"Appropos of our sex at the presidential residence I subscribe to the 'muckle down theory. This suggests that the more, and less that occurs at the upper echelons of society, the more will ultimately accrue to the lower levels." I say "And this is a good thing for the American people."

Although this theory is met with a certain sustained enthusiasm, I again experience this nagging feeling that, in the end, I'm merely being harassed, that somehow I'm failing to connect.

At approximately 10:30 pm that night, my inner circle convenes in my suite to make a decision about whether to continue the campaign for the presidency. Those participating include my Patagonian dermatologist, Dr. Felipe Fleishman, novelist and data confidant Luke Barr, Crown Publishers VP/D-

the commander is that to have sexual relations with a subordinate's bride on his wedding night.)

"Mark, I disagree," interjects Dr. Fleishman. "Our polling data shows that voters here will accept the god-lease, jagg, the devil do sign-off—any of that—if you simply promise to eliminate the federal income tax. That is the key button to push."

I pause dramatically then respond "I love this country. And I cannot, in good conscience, make that promise. That would be pandering. And that I will not do."

I keep inside the consensus.

"Let me say one last thing here. What we say not have prevailed in New Hampshire. And when and where we choose to make our next stand. I don't know. But we're in politics now—and we're not to stay. And let me say something to the reporters and those who despise our vision for the future, and those who may even choose to vote against us in political office. Remember how small the ball is—and how far apart on the pins.

"Thank you. I love you all." ■

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america

"We Are Hit"

By Charles Bowden

The Sixth Floor Museum in Dallas is less about who pulled the trigger than about what, exactly, got shot



WINDOW ON THE sixth floor of the old schoolbook depository, and your eyes lock hard on the southeast corner. Then, like *american* other people ten years ago, park, plunk down fast bucks for an admission ticket (even if you take the audio tour in English, French, German, Italian, Japanese, Portuguese, Spanish, or a tongue called Chiboleño) and again voicing you of strong curiosity or fearlessness, walk through a metal detector (you notice that this bit of technology is a little too late), and then zoom up the elevator to the sixth floor where it is always a little after noon on November 22, 1963. John Fitzgerald Kennedy and his motorcade are heading for a huge luncheon with the businessmen of Dallas.

Mr. President, you can't up Dallas decent love you.

—Nellie Connally, wife of the governor, just after the limousine turns onto Houston and approaches the corner of Elm

I'M STARING at a glass case filled with luncheon china for the big to do JFK was to attend at 1:00 PM that day—the plate, silver coffee cup, silver, and salt and pepper shakers, donated by locals. These gewgaws and others bought at the fabulous Jackie O estate auction have beckoned me here, curiosity of a museum after touring a display of holy relics (five table setting, some children's books on JFK, some god-awful place cards commemorating the space program). On the brochure, Jackie beams from the backseat of the limo with Governor John Connally of Texas in the front seat, waving at the crowd. Jackie is in her trademark pillbox hat, the pink one she wore for the folk trip to the Lone Star State, and when I look over the lipet, I thought, Who but Texans would be gauche enough, crass enough, senseless enough to exhibit this luncheon at the killing ground? God knows dealing with Dealey Plaza has been a slow burn, cooking for the local gallery, and

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twenty-six years wandered by after the crash of high-velocity rounds between Dallas' fiscal district and high-rise and, in 1976, opened the Sixth Floor Museum. I love the place, its name, and Tim has to tell you, these rowdy yahoos got a right

The job is what you remember, imagine you remember, conceive, yourself you remember, or pretend you remember

—Playwright Harold Frazier

FO CONCERTS was good times. It's hard to believe that I was ever innocent and bolder to imagine a whole country at attention, but Tim facing a wall that spins me back to a world of virginity, sock hops, and the fabled gleam of pumas off patent-leather shoes. I stand there and suck a bit of a big pipe called pop history. A poster for Altered Hunchcock's Psycho slaps me in the face (you don't take a shower), Chubby Checker is running at the Peppermint Lounge, Andy Williams wades deep into "Moon River," and Bobby Dylan is freewheelin'. The collage of covers and posters on the wall says WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA SLEAZEBAG? And just around the corner, you find out we all are.

There was no deeper substance and now in evidence of adrenergic nature to the president's visit is a completely overdone one welcome to the president.
—Bob Hufaker, KRLD radio reporter, November 22, 1975, as the limousine approaches Dealey Plaza

GRUB, IT REMINDS you safe, what with go Dallas cops lining the street, twenty-five hundred local white shoe boys waiting at the trade center for the luncheon and staring down at that crummy photo. Out at the airport, JFK looked good, and his old lady looked terrific. In fact, standing here on the sixth floor, I think everyone looks good as the monster pump cigarettes into my skull. What is the hell happened to us? We used to have a four-star presidential phalander and fuckup Marilyn Monroe, the Rat Pack, and Roseanne Weikard. Any fair student of American government and American flesh knows that there has been a

bad moon rising over the presidential boulevard. And, of course, there was Jackie's power sheering, rather than some sorry lecturing us. In fact, today is the first time the First Lady has had a word to say since she and the man bagged the White House. She's come along for the same reason that JFK has zoomed out to Dallas to see the franchise in the upcoming 1964 election. Some of the monitors here on the sixth floor are yapping, to be anti-civil rights issue, right-wing abolitionists, and the like—but all in all, things look good. Just got to whip the air of those policy

Kuznets and Shuster that bastard down in Cuba. Finally, I bust loose of the Peppermint Lounge and head toward that southeast corner. And, by God, that's my last moment of peace.

Pokes deaf Jose Curry cracking over the radio. Approaching triple underpass. Dispatcher 12:07PM KRZ 74.

THE CORNER is walked off by floor-to-ceiling glass like some museum case full of rare bugs, and there are cases of books piled up so that you can't really see a damn thing, that you know someone is there, you can almost hear him breathing, there, behind those bones fall of steel for lacy or lacy or health class, these worthless books they cram into your skull during those twelve years of public torture. You can smell him in there, and you know you are running out of time. You wish that you'd stayed in the Peppermint Lounge, even though you know the woman gyrating back there were probably encased in girdles.

I then went—direct to the far corner and then I focused at eyeballs—concentrated out of corners which punctured a few light and found where someone had been in an area of perhaps not far surrounded

by confused masses of books.

—Deputy Sheriff Luke Minney in an affidavit taken November 22, 1975

THE SMOKE or so windows facing south draws you to the view, and you look down at Dealey Plaza. It gets confusing now, everything is happening too fast. But just a glance tells you that it was like shooting ducks in a barrel. There's the gray limo, and right behind it is the old fence along the railroad tracks with the three-lensess beam. You can see all the loose ends we will never tie up. On the sixth floor is a huge FBI



model of the plaza, the one created for the Warren Commission. Little cars have finished the runs off Houston onto Elm and are poised forever as least of the book depository. Whole spoils of string he casually discarded on the pavement next to the motorcycle. Once, they were used. The FBI used them to demonstrate the trajectory of the rounds from that window on the sixth floor. Behind you, the air is full of noise—JFK speaking with that accented voice and high-flows throuse, the bus and snarl of police radios, ABC News barking a bulletin about a bad hair day in Dallas, the furious covey by Meridian Street, the UTI man in the motorcycle, who scooped the

CHARLES FRENZ

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planet by announcing it in 1974. The show was first at President Kennedy's memorial held in downtown Dallas. They still talk in the newspapers about the legend of Smith, who after filing his burnt ripped out the car phone and tossed it out

period bench that I bought in the museum shop.

She gave an example of the whole world of her to follow.

—Charles de Gaulle, November 25, 1975, on Jacqueline Kennedy

Dallas has found a silence on these matters

the window, let the AT guy by his side who is to file his own report. And Willie Christie saying flatly that the president had been pronounced dead at 1:00 PM EST, then taking off his glasses, putting, and, for a few endless seconds, saying nothing, nothing at all.

There was no screaming in that terrible car. It was just a silent arrival.

—Nellie Connolly

JEFF WEST, PORTER, runs the Sixth Floor Museum, and he explains that the biggest traumatic moment comes on the day after Christmas, when six-of-seven systems from their buses to haul them down to Dealey Plaza. About half the visitors' seats alive when Jackie crawled out onto the car trunk, his park dress splattered with her husband's gore, looking like all the rest of us, for some kind of rescue. There seems to be no end to this thing. About 25 percent of the game are foreigners. There seem to be no borders on Dealey Plaza either. I look out. What's windows onto the plaza, and can nothing down to the sidewalk all seems to slow a tad as they come up on the shooting gallery. A faint blue X on the pavement marks where a cheap rental found a Harvard head. Dallas has found a silence on some of these matters that can strike you as either censorship or wisdom. I appreciate the silence. I've got a magnetic Jackie dress-up kit with me—the First Lady wears a hair green sweater—and I can count her with purple slacks or a red skirt or a blue suit or one of three blouses, two pairs of shoes, sandals, a handful of flowers, a hat, and, should the sun get mean, sunglasses. This all comes my way as a second piece of

EVERYTHING ABOUT the Sixth Floor Museum and the plaza avoids the gun. Friends from the Zapruder film stretching across the museum wall stop those where the bullet tore off of JFK and John Connally. As I clutch my magnetic Jackie, study the glossy knoll, straighten in my stand the little spoons of FBI stoves, and make the bullet fly true, as I look out those windows down at Elm Street vaulting into the underpass. I've got no appetite for the killing stuff. Like the museum and, I suspect, my fellow visitors, I had a hell of a lot of that stuff since November 22, 1963.

Down on the plaza, there is no official marker of the spot. The faint blue X on the pavement is the gift of Robert J. Godden, who on the sunny day is peddling his assassination books (and using a car history to power his audio-visual machine). Godden, fifty-two, his pretty much frozen at November 22, 1963, and for thirty-four years has researched the killing. He's

not an outside Kennedy for all this conspiracy talk to make any sense. Godden is a local and through him the flag again one of his books on a series of photos he took in which all of the people who entered JFK's corpse point to the same part of their

head to indicate the entry point of the slug that blew out the president's brains), but somehow for all his hard and grinding work, he is about something that I grew weary of a long time ago. Dealey Plaza and the Sixth Floor Museum are not about who fired the shots, as I see it, but about what in the hell really got shot down.

What a terrible thing he happened to us all. We mourn with you poor old Jerry on people.

—Irish playwright Sean O'Casey in a letter to a friend, November 25, 1965

ABOUT TWO MILLION people visit the plaza itself each year, and media companies slowly show that the killing ground is the number-one thing visitors to Dallas want to see—not that there is a hell of a lot available, except for ATMs and lap dancing. So I go down to the grassy knoll with my magnetic Jackie and brood over the faint blue X on the pavement.



An assassin's multiplicity, Sixth Floor Museum, Dallas

more. People drifting past me are quiet but not like the man silence of the Sixth Floor Museum itself. Up there among the television screens and wall displays, there is no sound save the bubble of cops and broadcast men and JFK himself. The visitors

these hours of cheap sentiment my self. I've come here knowing about the women, the steady diet of speed and other drugs, the partnership with the Mafia in a federal murder incorporated, about the macho posturing with Khrushchev that almost

run for reelection in spite with the slogan "It's Morning in America," I thought. This guy has never seen a real sunset.

But I had. As I stand in Dealey Plaza with magnetic Jackie, I am at ground zero of American secrets. The

that can strike you as censorship or wisdom.

are as quiet as Benedictine monks during hard time for the Lord. There are no signs requesting this silence, and I think it comes as a surprise to each and every person who enters the museum. We are struck dumb by this place.

I find my biggest achievement is that after going through a rather difficult time, I consider myself comparatively sane. I'm proud of this.

—Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, 1963

When Jacqueline Kennedy died, the visitors' book was filled for days with comments like Jack and Jackie would forever I'm not imagining to

blow up the world, about the free-dragging over civil rights law, the nuclear war to be avoided, about the party animal, upper-class person who didn't seem to know the meaning of a hard day's work.

The party good, and I am with it with.

—President John F. Kennedy

STILL, THE VIEW from the Sixth Floor Museum atop the old Beeson whenever that Kennedy has something else. He for they, if you prefer) put a slug clean through behind an government, and low faith in the future. When Ronald Reagan

suggested to fail myself feeling this I don't really know why. The cost of my job has never really existed me for Connolly. But standing here, looking around, staring at the south-facing window and the first blue X on the pavement. I know in my bones that I took a bad hit here, that something awful happened to me, something I've tried hard to forget, something I've pretended didn't really happen at all.

Some cheap bullets tore right through us, right through all of us.

Let's get out of here we're let.

—Secret Service agent Roy Kellerman from the presidential limousine, to 1963

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The Fire This Time

I started it by introducing Paula Jones to the world. Now I'm trying to stop it.

By David Brock

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT, My mind keeps drifting back to that paragraph about "Paula" and to the secretary that her name wasn't even supposed to show up in print. Back in December 1993, when I broke the "Spooners" story in *The American Spectator*, neither of us could have predicted its consequences—for you, for me, and for the country in the prior Arkansas state trooper alleged that they procured women for you when you were governor. One of the women was reintroduced only in Paula. Soon after the piece was published, Paula Jones shocked the world by identifying herself as the woman in question and by suing you for sexual harassment. And, of course, Paula Jones begs Monica Lewinsky. Surveying the wreckage my report has wrought four years later, I've asked myself over and over: What the hell was I doing investigating

my your private life in the first place? As an authority on the subject, I want to tell you how it all began. I didn't go searching for the story; I found me one sunny August morning, when I received a telephone call from a man. I barely knew, asking if I would fly to Little Rock to meet with Cliff Jackson, your Arkansas friend-turned-enemy who accused you of lying about your draft record in the 1960 campaign and was apparently set out to get you. I had met the man on the telephone—who I later learned was a major contributor to Newt Gingrich's GOPAC—was below, in a meeting on Capitol Hill a few weeks prior to the 1994 election. It was my introduction to the glib world of anti-Clinton. You appeared headed for victory, and the Republicans were frustrated and desperate. I was being recruited to follow up on a story in a supermarket tabloid that suggested you had fathered a child with a Little Rock prostitute. A mysterious source who iden-

tified himself only as "Mr. Peppas" was supposed to help me track the story down. After several fruitless telephone calls, he never delivered. Now, eight months into your presidency, the dirty war was on again. Cliff Jackson, my caller said, could hook me up with several state troopers who claimed to have knowledge of, and even to have helped arrange, extramarital affairs you were said to love had. The call came out of the blue, but I was a natural for the mission, and I jumped at it. I was perhaps the only self-proclaimed conservative journalist devoted to digging up stories rather than writing ads. A few months earlier, I had published a bomb-still attack on Clarence Thomas's accuser, Anita Hill, and I was the star reporter at the *Spectator's* crusading anti-Clinton magazine. The man lives GOPAC, Jackson, and I conspired to damage you and your presidency by exposing what your political enemies have always

ROBERT LOREN

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letter to the president

sem as your main point of vulnerability—your so-called upper problem. I had no idea how wildly successful we'd be.

A nervous Jackson met my plane in Little Rock—I was told to hold a copy of *The Washington Post* under my right arm so he would recognize me, and I gazed happily along. He took me to a nearby Holiday Inn. Hiked up for two days, I listened to five state troopers as they told salacious stories of sexual shenanigans—late night cruises at the governor's mansion, and sex in parked cars—over your alleged statement,

we were considered out of bounds in what was known as the "gentlemen's agreement" with the White House press corps. Then came Gary Hise, John Lowery, Clarence Thomas, and Bob Packwood. Then George Bush was faced with press questions about a long-termed extramarital affair.

And during the Governor Flowers controversy, Paul showed that 35 percent of the American would just wait for an apology. Personally, I was not part of that group. But I had evidence about your private life that went well beyond what Flowers had claimed, and

porting the story to express concern about my inquiries and dangled a federal job in front of him, my concern was that you probably weren't calling lives the Civil Office should take gossip. That repudiated the scales.

But to be honest with you, these "tests" were something of a charade, more an attempt to fashion defenses for myself against charges that I was a "mole" or "spy" than that they were a neutral set of journalistic principles. I wasn't hot for this story in the interest of good government or serious journalism. I wanted to pop you right be-

I should have removed the name Paula. An oversight.

which later became famous in the Monica Lewinsky case, this case was not an adultery scandal to the White House. For a reporter, it is incredibly rare to get a politician's bad secrets to tell you what he is for breakfast, lunch and graphic sexual details of the sex the troopers were receiving. Were these gossips and their far-fetched story for real? I wondered as I flew back to Washington. I told no one about the trip as I tried to figure out how to seal in the way troopers while checking out their story further.

I returned to Little Rock in mid-September, carefully re-interviewed the troopers—by one just as different conditions—no less than accounts for memorandums. I transcribed the second set of interviews and compared them with the first. By now I was convinced that either the troopers saw what they said they saw or they had spent months rehearsing one of the most sensational lies ever told about a sitting president. My gut told me they were telling the truth. The level of detail seemed too hard to make up. Only later did I allow for more complicated possibilities.

The story was now in my hands. The question I then grappled with—like the same question that would vex the press in the Monica Lewinsky case and that had haunted me ever since—was, When, if ever, are allegations about a politician's personal life newsworthy? For reporters, there are no bright lines, no set rules, on how to handle these stories. For many years, politicians' personal peccadilloes

I wasn't sure what I should do with it.

I discussed my dilemma with two Washington news men who had been mentors of mine, and the verdict was clear. Significantly, perhaps they were both conservative Republicans with no training in journalism. Significantly, too, in the way of Washington cartoonists, they focused only on how the press might affect me personally. No thought was given, by any of us, to how having the most accurate details of your sexual conduct by a politically hostile writer might damage you, or how the way political battles are fought in Washington. One adviser told me flatly that I was sitting on perhaps the most damaging account of a president ever to be published—the biggest story of my career. The other warned that the allegations, even if proven, would be dismissed as sordid trash and could therefore hurt my reputation as much as yours. They both turned out to be right.

In the end, I decided that the allegations met several tests that made them relevant to public discussion. If they were true, the behavior described was chronic and expensive. Using the troopers to procure women was an abuse of power, and certainly showed a reckless willingness to allow yourself to be compromised by their knowledge of your private conduct. The troopers also claimed that you had asked Governor Flowers in the top campaign, which raised concerns about whether your word could be trusted. When one of the troopers told me that you had called him as I was re-

turning the eyes. Test or no test, the story was going and I would lose friends some way to draw it up to you, post facto.

I think a serious, dispassionate case can be made on your behalf, particularly in Newsmag. When I broke the story, Michael Linder, and his editors said that the involvement of independent counsel Kenneth Starr made your alleged affair with a White House sex star major news. But we soon found out that Linder had been working on sex stories long before there was any connection to a criminal investigation. If a reporter is determined to make a name for himself by publishing sexual exploits, he can usually find some high-profile scandal to do it. The press of the past knew no bounds.

In my case, there was an open political agenda at work as well, which must have colored my judgment at least at the margin. I never felt the visceral hatred toward you that many of your detractors harbor, but I did regard you, the late Democratic president in my adult life, as an ideological threat. Basically, I had just finished a book in which I argued strenuously against the use of personal scandal for partisan advantage in the Thomas-Hill case. In contemporary Washington, I learned, it was no longer enough to defeat your opponent but and square on the arena, you had to destroy him as a human being. The hypocrisy involved in what I was about to do to you didn't make me any of these the dead was dead.



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letter to the president

In the first three months as I worked to convince the troopers to go on the record and put their names to the allegations, I ran on an adrenaline high. Two troopers quit, refusing to go public, and the other two began suffering bouts of cold fever. Meanwhile, two investigative reporters from the *Los Angeles Times* were chasing the same story, and I was so focused on getting a feel that I didn't really think about the stakes or the consequences.

The big stumbling block was the troopers' insistence that their story was worth money. When I told them that no reputable publisher would pay anyone under any circumstances, these men talked back. How to structure a fair pay hook deal and there were several rounds of negotiations between CME Jackson and the GOCMPC. Moneyman about guaranteeing the trooper income and legal expenses if they were fired from the state police after the piece was published. At one point, in the talks failed, my last two troopers wanted out and came to my hotel room, demanding that I turn over the tapes of our interviews. I told them no, you too late and handed a plane ticket to D.C.

At that juncture, I thought of the editor of *The American Spectator*, R. Tinsman. I typed into the loop I received him over Thanksgiving weekend at a nice town home in Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. When I described the reason for the delay he scratched into the phone "How much do they owe?" I'll write them a check!" No check help there.

forward at all (other than their palpable outrage) for Hillary) was not moral principle or ideology but personal pique—they were passed off as you. They had happily done your dirty work for years and stood silent when reporters approached them in 2004. Only when you didn't take care of them when you became president—no jobs, no perks, no hand-digs did they decide to become truth tellers. In other words, I felt the way Ken Starr would have when writing up Linda Tripp. The troopers were greedy and had strong motives and I knew it. But that wasn't going to stand in my way.

When the story hit, a small national headline. The Spectator quickly sold out and went back to the press on several sites. The *Los Angeles Times* ran a similar story based on its own interviews with the troopers. Officially the White House acknowledged, the press briefing was canceled for two days. Behind the scenes, your aides were in full damage-control mode. One called CNN to protest the airing of the charges. Others dug up stories about the troopers' involvement in an insurance scam to impede their credibility and tried to solicit affidavits from the troopers denying the story. During the airing of the story by your web site, you called the stories "outrageous," but you never denied them.

It was the week before Christmas. I gaped hard when I saw your mother arrive at the White House for the holiday—my first hearing second thought. Because it was so brutally resource

against the criteria sets charges. The story quickly faded. Washington was outraged, but the public believed that the events described had taken place before you were president, you had merely acknowledged an adulterous past in answering the Powers charges, and, in any case, your private life had nothing to do with your ability to carry out your public duties. The press, meanwhile, characterized me as a honan feeder in the pay of a right-wing rag and moved on to a less steamy scandal, Whitewater. Case closed.

Or so we all thought. Unknown even to me, there was a time bomb embedded in the press. In my interviews, the troopers had named several women they claimed you had had affairs with. I contacted the women, and, not surprisingly, they all declined to comment or denied it. But even if they had been involved with you, some of the women were married and had children, and, after George Flower, none of them had any reason to blow themselves into the media. She said contact with the president. I had decided that naming the women against their will served no journalistic purpose and scribbled from the text the paragraph that named names.

"Paula," however, appeared as an accidental character in a later section of the piece. One trooper recalled that, at your request, he had approached a woman he "remembered only as Paula" and escorted her to your rooms one afternoon at the Eschert Hotel in

of your private life but dare no refute from you, my work because just of what everyone just knew about you, penetrating the media caucuses and public consciousness completely across ideological lines. It was now open season on you. Anything could say just about anything they wanted about the president. A virulent scandal culture was spawned that eventually drove us not only your conservative critics but also the mainstream press.

Politically, though, the revelations appeared to do you little harm and may have even benefited you somewhat

Link Book. When Paula left the room, the trooper said, she had told him she was willing to be your "angular girlfriend." Presuming that there were hundreds of Paulas in Arlington, I don't think that I was identifying anyone. If I had, I would have taken "Paula" out, too. I should have removed the name. It was just an oversight. Surely, this will go down as one of the more fateful oversights in the history of your presidency.

ONE MONTH, A FEW WEEKS ago in Washington, my doublet ring. Expect

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BEFORE YOU CHOOSE EYEGLASS FRAMES, TAKE A GOOD LOOK IN THE MIRROR



So you need glasses. Not to get an eyeglasses from a highly trained professional who says you're about to get the nearly 50 percent of Americans who wear some form of prescription eyewear. Or maybe you've been hospitalized for years, but your current frames are something Steve Jobs would have resigned to live with during the *Gigamonster* era. You're in the market for a new pair.

In making the all-important frame selection, you'll want first that there are about as many available, viable and ergonomic as there are eyeglasses that read this list. The key is to choose frames that flatter you—enhancing or camouflaging your facial, albeit, characteristic—and fit your lifestyle.

Face type

When is the last time you looked in the mirror and contemplated your face? Not that faded brickle wall from your youth, but the actual visage of your face? If you're shopping for your first pair of glasses or if your current pair makes you look like a post-operative phobic JFK Gullibility in *The Fly*, know that your frames should help you achieve a better balance between your facial shape and features.

The first step is to determine the shape of your

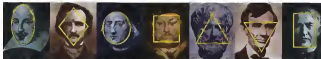
face. You can wear descriptive powers are somewhat less than those of a police watchman? Not so worry. There are seven basic face shapes, and you fit one of them (read on).

Oval: Face is widest at the top of cheeks, just below eyes. Brow level and jawline curve slightly inward.

Round: Face is widest at tops of cheeks, just below eyes, because and jaw curve inward at a more pronounced angle. Face is more regular than oval shape. **Frame:** Face is widest at cheeks further down toward nose. Brow level and jawline curve inward dramatically. Face is as wide as it is long.

Square: Brow, cheeks, and jaw equally wide. Face is wide at a long jawline has an angular or square look. **Triangle:** Face is widest at jaw, narrow at bridge. **Inverted triangle:** Face is widest at brow, narrow at jaw. **Heart:** Cheeks, jawline, and brow are equally wide; face is long with a narrow chin and jawline.

Frames should mirror your face shape but enhance and counterbalance it. If your face could serve as a form plate for a moon pie, begin the round with some soft, give-for-stretching angular. And remember: your frames should always be as wide as the widest part of your face—no more, no less.



WILLIAM BASTIEN
has a square

BOB ALLEN
has a round

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS
has oval

ROBERT
has a heart

FLY
has a triangle

ASHMAN LINDLEY
has an inverted triangle

THOMAS EDISON
has oval

Now Newsweek has become *The American Spectator*.

I spent the next few weeks alternately decussing and exploring over the telephone. I jumped in the pool with no protection, I swam, or you'd flowerize yourselves. You need to do that for no other reason than the good of the country. I pleaded. How much I believed that, it's not me, but as Christmas approached, my pressure tactics worked.

Deep down, though, I knew that the good of the country was the last thing on the trooper's mind. In fact, in these discussions, I came to realize that the reason they were willing to come

[**] Eye tech

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Now think about your lifestyle. If you're a weekend jock, consider light-weight yet durable titanium frames. If you've got kids who might playfully yank off your specs and you then prefer to never look in flexible frames.

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letter to the president

ing the dog since I was on open the double doors." David Brock" the pro-censor asked to be thrust a subpoena on two my hands "Well, I guess you have a place in history" he laughed and walked off.

Almost four years since Paula Jones called a press conference and said she was suing you for sexual harassment to clear her name of the implication in my press that she had had consensual sex with you, your attorneys are now here. (That she sued you rather than me may have been an early clue to her motives.)

Two weeks before, Jones's lawyers had contacted me on a friendly basis, asking for assistance with their case. They sought the notes and tapes of my trooper interviews. Presumably, the Jones team regarded me not as a journalist but as a political partisan eager to help the cause. I declined their overtures, and when the subpoena was finally served, I hired a lawyer to fight it on the grounds that my trooper interviews were protected by the First Amendment.

No matter how I felt about the case personally, as a journalist, I would never have compromised that important principle. And with the passage of time, whatever sympathy I may have had with the Jones "cause" I may have had with the Jones "case" I may have, I'm not proud of it.

When I sawword the media hoopla as you got hauled into a deposition by Jones's lawyers, I had a sinking feeling. My recollection of your personal life had given your political adversaries—who were now standing and fighting the Jones case—an opportunity to use the legal process to bash the job that I started. Worse still, their effort to dig up sordid dirt on you was sanctioned by the Supreme Court, which is a landmark ruling that subjected future presidents by making them vulnerable to character assassination in all manner of civil suits while in office.

None of this was supposed to happen. None that you living through it. I'm sure it should not have happened.

I made Paula Jones General. And

whatever happens with her case, in a way, the people who hate you have all ready won, and we have all suffered not only from their malice toward you but also from their contempt for the office of the president. When one of Jones's key legal advisers told me that he didn't necessarily believe her story of sexual harassment, my worst fears were realized. "This is about proving Troopergate," he told me gleefully.

I guess I should confirm that as the author of the reformers' memo, I think "proving Troopergate" may be a tall order. I was so sure of that story when I wrote it as any journalist can be of any story that in the years since then, the troopers have greatly disengaged their credibility.

I'm sure you remember that during the Senate Whitewater hearings, the troopers made fields of themselves with improbable claims about the circumstantial evidence of Vincent Foster's death. One of the two troopers who went on the record with me, Larry Proctor, helped produce the infamous Clinton Chastoid: a crackpot video accusing you of drug possession on page 144]



Illustration by Mark F. Johnson. Photo: © AP/Wide World

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In an age when the only anonymous source who isn't anonymous is Anonymous, whom do we trust: a make-believe president or a president who makes believe?

**OUR MAN
IN THE
WHITE HOUSE**

LET'S SAY WE CATCH JOHN TRAVOLTA WITH HIS PANTS DOWN We haven't, but let's say we have. We argument's sake. Let's say the next time we catch a glimpse of John Travolta, he is, you know, undies, out there in a way that answers for all time and strays not only the question of bowers or briefs but also of bathmats and boomers, and identifying traits, so that John Travolta stands before us, the devoted public, as he will one day stand before God naked, exposed, absorbing in the fragility of his flesh, called into final account, stripped of everything but the need to have his shame and to boom his secrets. Let's say

**BY
TOM
JUNOD**



the next time we see John Travolta, he is crumpled in a scandal, crumpled in an anthology, left's say that we, with our faith in the actor-line fixate, can't agree that the terms of our final stories and acts of him—of him? Travolta of a man who has given us so much of himself already and who has so much more to give—something but that that he face the nation and come clean.

Can he?
Should he?

Hill is not even possible that John Travolta could come clear? He is not on the truth business, after all. He is on the movie business, and to move after movie—and movie after movie after movie—he goes as what we want, which is not truth but entertainment, and to a night strike him as unreasonable—indeed, as unjustified—that we would have the collective right to ask him for more just because we get him where we want him and he is at our fickle mercy. He has given us his art, and—being a generous soul—he has given us his life, too, or a version of his life we have loved and playing, but perhaps from time said to want more to be seen to come back full to movie just to provide us with an ubiquitous presence. He is just an actor, and an overworked one at that, and so it doesn't matter if, for argument's sake, he stands nailed before us and we have the power to claim his confession. We will never know him better than we already do, and he can't give us more than he already has, and he can't tell us the truth, because he has no wish to tell.

Does it've caught him with his pants down?
Does it've it's entangled in scandal?

Does it've it's the president of the United States of America?

John Travolta is the president of the United States of America. This is not nearly to state the obvious, that John Travolta plays the president of the United States of America in his new career, *Primary Colors*, or even that he plays a president in fiction based somewhat notoriously on a president; in fact, or even that he has chosen to play his fictional president as our fictional president—i.e., that in *Primary Colors* John Travolta "does" Bill Clinton, who had the greatest to ground his presidency in both fact and fiction long before a journalist called himself *Anonymous* got around to making the job. No, that is to say that even when John Travolta was playing Bill Clinton, he is an evocation of Bill Clinton, that when John Travolta does, he does as President Clinton as "fictionally accurate," but not just as well as describing the president or himself; that the actor and the president are of a piece, so to speak, that they are isomorphic, not to mention ambitiously endomorphic; and that the understanding of one is essential to the understanding of the other even though the last time we saw Bill Clinton, he had been caught with his pants literally down, and the last time we saw John Travolta, his pants—black dungarees, which he wore with a dark-gray polo shirt and square-back necktie belt—were mysteriously up, though seeming to contain the sheer quantity of a clear soul renowned for living large.

This is how John Travolta began an anticlerical, after the fringe and the bellies "I'm hungry." This is how he looks when he says it boyish. This is how he looks the rest of the scene. This is how he looks when he says "after making sex movies in three years, with two wives in between, I can finally say I need a break." This is why he works so hard. "Because I'm his boss, and you never know when you're going to cool down." This is the movie he is filming at the time of that interview. *ABC Action*. This is what he had to do for the role. Does

the gray out of his hair, learn a lot of dialogue, lose ten pounds. This is what he does at the momentary crowd, surrounded with his bare torso on the side. This is how he can his cover with a spoon. This is what he does with his spoon for the rest of the meal, right against the table, or his right, or balances it on an intended finger, like the scales of justice. This is what he does with his fine, pale hands moves them—constantly, rhythmically, on occasion making a point by placing the tip of his finger against his nose, like a drinker trying to denigrate his sobriety. This is what he does to eat. This is what he does with his feet too, both during this meal and as a matter of habit sends a back, because it has "an overdose of coffee" and sets for "a new glass, brewed with a fresh bag." This is how he makes his requests politely, with an air of stricken concern. This is the look on his face all the time, polite, anxious, concerned. This is what erupts on his brow when he is either laughing at a story or considering a question largely. This is what he does when pronouncing a word that contains one or more "i" vowels. This is why he voices exaggeratedly precise diction, by which he converts simple words to elegant diction. This is an example of a question he elicits first leaps, then a writer "Describe President Clinton." This is John Travolta's answer: "Warm. Direct. Straightforward. Strong. Confident."

Mr. Travolta has not the president nose. He has been the first time at an Italian American awards banquet and the second at a volunteerism summit to which Mr. Travolta had gone to promote the pedagogy developed by L. Ron Hubbard's Church of Scientology, of which he is a famous member and frequent Question "Did meeting Mr. Clinton increase your empathy for him, in preparation for your role as Primary Colors?" Answer: "No. It increased my [voice] [eyes] [tells] [him] I never had any problem identifying with him. Because on the one hand, there's no difference between the moral grace of a movie star and the moral grace of a president. You have to be patient and tolerant and as a lot of the script, you can see me doing those things, and they came naturally. A lot of his mistakes, I just understood them. You know?"

Indeed, after their meeting Mr. Travolta even came away convinced that he was the same as the president, which is possible because the president, at nearly his foot (less include talk in a large room, and Mr. Travolta's confidence reportedly shined of himself as a large man, to the extent that he likes to quote Tom Hanks, who—after naming down "the Clinton role" in *Primary Colors* supposedly because of his close association with the president—separately said of director Mike Nichols's choice of Mr. Travolta "They just went from the frying pan to a much bigger frying pan."

Mr. Travolta has that line. It is as though he believes that in Bill Clinton he has finally found someone commensurate with him, if only in their corporal substance, that if he is not the president, and the president not him, at least they can wear each other's clothes, that because they have the same hunger—a taste for other people's food—they also have the same nose. A confusion, then, of sorts, from the view of *Primary Colors*. "My favorite line in the whole movie, the line which I believe is what I believe is my daughter, and maybe even our president's, comes when my character's taking the other potential Democratic nominee—what's that guy's name, the guy from Dallas John is what John Travolta says with the name of actor who plays supporting roles in his movies (right there) Larry Larry Layman, yes,

that's it, thank you. My character and Larry's character are having a discussion about why they have to do this, and Larry's character says: 'It's the power and the seduction of power,' and my character says with all sincerity that 'it's the people—I just want them. And he says And I do. And there's nothing I can do about it. I feel that. I love them.' They give me. They give them life. I love them what I mean?"

"It's nice charming motherfucker playing another charming motherfucker," says a studio executive who has been active in Democratic fundraising circles and who has spent time with both Mr. Clinton and Mr. Travolta. "They both have huge heads. You know what I mean? [John's] [more square than the president's, and he has that dell chin and those blue eyes and lips like pit-looker—well, he's just a better-looking man, really. He's a movie star, goddamn! But they both have that thing, you know? That something, empathy. I call it. They realize you with their own eyes, you know? John can down almost from you, he puts his elbows on the table, he puts his head in his hands, and then he turns on the high beams. How can you? How's your wife? Things like that. It's like playing golf on with an occupant—right arm of empathy loving you to death. I had her sometimes about a 100 John, it's a good thing you've finally got a chance to be president, because you've been running for office since you were a Swedish."

Can an anonymous source tell the truth? Can a journalist named Joe Klein, who turned himself into a novelist named *Anonymous* for the purpose of writing *Primary Colors*, and who will seem to be spoken of as *Anonymous* with regard to *Primary Colors* even though everyone by now knows *Primary Colors* is a novel written by Joe Klein—can such a man tell the truth? Can a filmmaker tell the truth? How about a filmmaker? How about a filmmaker writing about facts in the guise of writing about fabrications, or writing about fabrications in the guise of writing about facts? How about Jack Stanton, the fabrication who provides the del to Klein's novel, the governor from a small unnamed southern state and Democratic presidential candidate who has a tendency to get caught with his pants down? How about John Travolta, who plays Jack Stanton as Bill Clinton? How about one charming motherfucker playing another charming motherfucker? And how about Clinton himself?

John, can you tell Clinton?
John, can you do Clinton?
"Will" ask me a question? "He is showing his food as he says this. Or maybe he is chewing someone else's food, because that's what he does—he takes the other food on the table. [If I'm] so that he can analyze it, analyze us right?"



only for the obvious reason—not only because he can't be telling the truth, but also because he, John Travolta, isn't, in fact, the president and so has no privileged knowledge of his president's life, with all the best's working commensurate with all the best's in the confidence of falsehood. He is playing President Pennoch, convinced that if we lived here with his nose a foot long, we would be him; but more now that it has appeared larger and grown to two, he is playing a politician who loves the beginning, but calls the public to the fact of his fabrications and so has made the public caught in them, he is playing a man whose word we can't possibly believe, unless we, like Mr. Travolta, have decided to believe as in his words but in his feelings, not in his honesty but in his sincerity. Indeed, this is what is interesting—and paradoxical, and obligingly illuminating—about Mr. Travolta's relationship to Mr. Clinton, in both fact and fiction. He plays him as he has, and he thinks he is telling the truth. He trusts him. He thinks "we should have been asked" and that a matter not at all whether the pose man sports an up or down.

"A politician needs the ability to lie as the copious, to reach out and communicate with anyone," Mr. Travolta says. "Now,

you may see the pretense in that, but it's a pretense with a good intention. The cool thing about it is, whatever the version is he's going to show something really good behind it—you really do get the idea he loves people and he cares about you, you get the sense that he really cares more than they need him, which is probably something I have in common with him. I think I make people's lives happier, but I always feel that I need people more than they need me."

And there it is, there you have it—the obnoxious argument of good intentions, the absolutes enshrined by the right arms of empathy. It doesn't matter that the sanctity of Jack Stanton—and by extension of Bill Clinton—is "brilliant," or indeed overrated, because, like John Travolta, both men can so much and are interested in ends instead of means. It doesn't matter that the White House embraces Eric Hanks, who refused the role that John Travolta accepted, because, although Mr. Travolta can understand why the president's men may be "trephanted" about Clinton, he also clearly sees more than "mean love in it" than the book does, and he can only help the president, especially in light of the current situation, and both Mr. Clinton and his staff "ask to be his real trait." Hell, it doesn't even matter that Primary Colon presents its candidate as a philanthropist at a time when our president's alleged philanthropy may cost him his job, because, says Mr. Travolta, "I decided that the only real flaws that are portrayed in the movie are Stanton's need, or possible need, for women, for sex, and so I played it deciding he was okay about it, that he understood it, and even Hillary understood it—oh, not Hillary. What's his—the girl's name? That's right—Susan Susan Stanton understood it. But it wasn't an easy thing for the rest of the world to understand."

"So a movie about the president and his wife in a marriage as open as a screen door in Scarsdale, Alabama, is gonna be their divorced wedding present, huh?" asked a longtime adviser to Mr. Clinton with a better charitable when he was opposed of Mr. Travolta's words. "Well, that's the difference between Washington and Hollywood. Here, we gotta hit the head of the chicken before we can serve it up as steak, you know what I mean? I mean, we beg about working in the absence. There—well, they just can't do it, can they? They just can't kill you, because they all want to protest schools and know that abortion is just French for 'whorehouse.' So they gotta love you and they'll fall you. So what they want up doing is guaranteeing you to death. And it's right. It isn't them. Me, I'm like a leader, ball—I'm busy draining the blood before my or my second colleague knows he got his throat cut. A guy like Travolta, though—well, I just want Mr. Dennis Permut to know that he kills the president, he'll tell Lee Harvey Oswald, no matter how full his lips are."

"I don't particularly care whether Primary Colon loves the president or not, though I question why Hollywood thinks he needs another [language] for the act of oral copulation used to be favored by Mr. Clinton," said a Republican strategist who asked not to be named. "What disturbs me about this movie is that it represents the final solidification of the Washington-Hollywood nexus that started coalescing when his president had to go on TV and host his boys to get a percent of the year. Clearly, John Travolta's role, the film, however, is in a way this movie represents a point of no return, because it means both camps finally get what they want. Movie stars get to think they have as much power as politicians, and politicians get to think they look like movie stars."

"Hmmm," John Travolta says, looking food not his own

There's the *ex gratia*, and the corn, and some pretty to

Hmmes. I think I detect an American Indian influence, too." He waxes "Definitely American Indian."

The *ex gratia* movie star says. He is a movie star and has seen he became a politician, son of, when he traveled to Capitol Hill at the behest of Mr. Clinton and addressed a congressional committee regarding the persecution of his fellow Scientologists in the Federal Republic of Germany. He had met Mr. Clinton in Philadelphia, at that volutescent summit, and according to Mr. Travolta, the president "was very empathetic about the German situation and Scientologists. He apparently had a room mate in the states that was a Scientologist, and he said, 'He was a great guy and a good guy' and he said, 'You're a great guy and a good guy' and he said, 'Tom Cruise is a great guy and a good guy' and he said, 'I don't know what's going on there, but I'm going to try to help you with it.' And I think he really did."

And so it was that Mr. Travolta went to Washington and defended his faith and felt not only more political than he ever had before but also more American doing that personal American thing, looking it up for religious freedom, and coming to believe more fully not only in this country but also in its national leader, the president, who, after all, told Mr. Travolta he was going to do something and then did it, who, after all, told Mr. Travolta the truth. "You, that's right. Bill Clinton told the truth to Mr. Travolta, man to man, politician to movie star, one charming motherfucker to another. How about that? The Big He—on the starry-eyed, stern calls him—his! he, and now when Mr. Travolta contemplates his work in Primary Colon, he keeps that we the people don't confuse fact and fiction, or, if we do, that we see that the "Bill Clinton" he counted as "a very smart and genuine character, flawed but real and wonderful."

It is that truth, though about Bill Clinton? It might not be. It doesn't have to be, because Mr. Travolta, an actor, made it up just as Joe Klein made it up about Anonymous just as Anonymous made it up about Jack Stanton. Just as Jack Stanton made it up about Bill Clinton just as Anonymous sources made it up about Bill Clinton—all the time just as the anonymous sources in the story made it up about John Travolta.

Yes, that's right. The anonymous sources in this story—the studio executive, the language adviser to the president, the Republican strategist—are Anonymous's sources. They are liars. They are liars, though this does not mean they are liars, though this does not mean they don't tell some truths about John Travolta, just as Primary Colon's status as fiction, its entertainment, doesn't mean it can't tell the truth about Bill Clinton.

Hollywood people are worried about the movie version of Primary Colon, by the way. They are worried that the fact his supplanted fiction and that a nation so evidently entertained by its president will not have to seek the entertainment of a president played by John Travolta. They've got it all wrong, though, for the stronger fact of our strange historical moment might very well be that we can depend on his parts down with far more confidence than we can depend on the current leadership of a president caught in the same situation that may have supplanted fiction, but in these particular times, fiction lasts, entertainment endures, and in this respect, the only scene we can trust belongs to John Travolta, who someone this month will be surrounded, with gratitude, as the president of the United States. ■





By Martha Sherrill

The Hardest Working Man in Show Business

If the president is a celebrity and celebrity is the most powerful force in the universe, does that mean Bill Clinton can open a movie?

Imagine him for a moment as he enters a room. He doesn't look dressed up and worried by power, unlike most world leaders, nor beaten down by accusations Bill Clinton will have there. His smile has an eye-socket glow. His hands are smooth and young, his fingertips as round as rubies. His shoulders are broad, his head is large and bristling with twice as much hair as a raccoon. Even though he'll never face election again, he arrives at routine presidential appearances—in luncheon, wheel of fortune, dinner, coffee—and his eyes roam the room for people to win over. Sometimes it's hard to think of him, anywhere but in rooms of people, always wanting them over. But this time, as you are watching Bill Clinton, he is not creating a room of half strangers—donors or voters. This time, he's in a room of colleagues and friends. It's a room of his people. It's the

ILLUSTRATION BY
STEVE BRONSTEIN

BY MARK ALAN STAMATY



room where, above all other places on earth, he belongs. Imagine him walking through the door to this room. Who is he? What is he grasping?

There are rooms of the mind where we keep people. There are corridors and hallways, kitchens and small stores. Not for family members and friends—nail people we really know—but for all the celebrated people known to us. We classify them by the stories we've heard, the pictures we've seen, the books we've read. By impressions both shallow and deep. In one particular room of my mind, Evelyn Waugh is giving a toast to Tallulah Bankhead, and Cole Porter is playing "Anything Goes" on a shiny black piano. It's the kind of room to which the men wear three-piece suits and the women wear chiffon and everybody drinks a lot. There's another room—down light, adobe walls—where George O'Keefe is receiving his Pulitzer prize and a Niagra sash, and Alfred Douglas has come to wine, and D. H. Lawrence is there, and Michel Dodge Luban and Paul Strand. Very far away in another room,

Clayton Kopples is with Cheryl Tugss and Billy Joel is there, and the photographer who has a lion in a suit in Africa—right, Peter Beard—and Donald Brewer and Irene are there, too. (How come and good, and Jerry Hall and Mick Jagger also, although it might not be a room so much as a private lounge off a dance floor with flashing strobes. An old nightclub of the mind.)

There is a room of the mind for presidents, too, where they meet with diplomats and other heads of state. Where they meet up with kings and queens, living and dead. The room is dark, paneled, it is a library with persons beaming above the windows. Golden statues light a streamer in. The last arena of "Hall to the Chair" have just died, done, and a faint glow of word jacks up the white-gloved stoker rising from cigarette-smoke in smoking a cigar, over Margaret Thatcher. Henry Kissinger is passing laws, documents, Richard Nixon is bawling over a map with Benjamin Disraeli, Tom and John Kennedy are playing a game. Sometimes Ronald Reagan is laughing, too, and sometimes playing solitaire. But Bill Clinton? For some reason, he's not in the room with the other presidents.

He isn't a war hero like Andrew Jackson or Dwight Eisen-

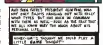
hower. He isn't a much-polished orator like Roosevelt or Kennedy or even a Hollywood star like Ronald Reagan. He was just a governor of a small state in the South that nobody took much about. But fans came to hate anyway—not for good deeds and unforgettable speeches, the way it comes to most politicians. It came to him for overplays in deep-water newspapers, for suspended half truths and stupid decisions, for life decisions even more engaging than Prince Diana's. He is a hero, plain and simple—a constant battle for his reputation—but who is he, really? Six years have passed since we first met him, since children claimed him, took him for fathers whose the politicians usually dwell. Six years and yet it's still hard to figure him, to know him. Surely, he is too controversial to be contained as a single noun, his celebrity as awful and nearly-splendid thing.

Where is Bill Clinton?

When he was first president and Hollywood went crazy to visit the White House, he was pudgy and awkward. Richard his neck, they called him the First Fat. And it seemed odd to the movie man how outgoing he was how generous. It wasn't just Arkansas hospitality or love for farming. He wanted to be loved, and sometimes even more than that, he wanted to be hip.

He is wearing Ray-Bans and blue jeans. His microphone is sitting in its case, waiting to come out and be played. But now, he's happy to sit and watch to be the First Fat and mope and sink up contemporary culture. He watches new movies, reads new books. He listens to Steven G and nods his head in time. If Kennedy is singing, he weeps a little while he claps. We have scattered into the Pop Presidents' Room and it is a fairly nice room. Bill Clinton's playroom, really. There's a movie screen, a stage, an eighty-two-hertz, a jiggling truck and a twenty-four-hour personal trainer. There are T-shirts for sale, but because just in the country and cowboy boots glow.

Presidential scholars complain there's been a demotion of the executive office, a downgrading's general feeling of less presidential dignity. Bill Clinton so a man has gotten



something. As a tabloid star—rather than just a president—he is given many more reasons to play it. As a tabloid star, he is allowed adjectives, debts, weight fluctuations, legs, even family members are covered in magazine. He is allowed a daughter or two and she seems like Marilyn on the Monterey And as a "top" young prodigy, he stops being an authority figure—the distant blue-stripe hat running the country—and is instead a rage to riches like the son of a regular guy who wears a bikini top and cowboy boots to the Starline of Eight in December the sort of guy who can stay up late at Greg Norman's house shooting the breeze, and shooting and showing any the breeze until the breeze is really all but blown out, and then, as he's saying goodnight, bats his knee on his way out the door—and sure mind leaves into media stream, almost a crime.

So sometimes he can get lonely in the Pop Presidents' Room—and Bill Clinton hates being alone more than anything. To remedy this, he makes a few calls and before long, Harrison Ford, Michael Douglas, Kevin Costner, and Bill Pullman's names are up. They might be movie presidents, but they are the only other pop presidents around thirty, too. That's why he's always got a too

The coffee is hot and the fluorescent lights overhead are harsh, but there are men when his surroundings mean nothing to him. He is barely feeling anything, barely is he hardly, barely is he anything, completely in his head. Sitting at the apex of a skyscraper, overlooking the city, Bill Clinton is in the Policy Room where he is harassed, on a way to nowhere else.

There is a part of him that believes he can make war with the coaches of America and fix them. He is always arrested in fear. And mental disorder. He always has a plan, a strategy—and more studying to do. He has a program memory for facts, and in this room he can demonstrate a stunningly faint recall of bureaucratic minutiae. And here, it is always the same. Working hard, when he can't sleep, anxious, and a perpetual good student. That's from the Kennedy School of Government and studies from the Aspen Seminars and maps of the Per state Golf are strewn about the Formica tabletop. Stocks of paper, sometimes six feet tall, boom over-

nearly off to the side—and there are government leaders, too, a twenty-volume set on CDAs alone. Clinton has begun to realize that his legacy will be his effective shrinking of government—doing Reagan's work for him. And it is sometimes a sad and strange thing to be in charge of dismantling your own company and watching all those elegantly designed programs dying off.

He isn't the most creative person in the world, but this was by steering new policies, he can touch people with his brain when his heart gives out, even though his heart never does.

Al Gore sat at the table, doodling diagrams of Digital Earth. Robert Reich is here and Robert Rubin and Gene Sperling. Alvin Grossman is glowing. If it is possible for him to glow. Middle-aged. Although his jaw felt to take a call from Tom Friedman. In Magazzini is sitting on a sofa in the corner, wearing the dance cap he was given at the planetary banquet the night before. Although she might be looking in the room even more than her husband, Hillary Rodham Clinton isn't anywhere. Under the table, where Bill looks her every so often for ideas.

Ronald Reagan had the ball trophy and the U.S. government as his domain. George Bush had Saddam. Haman Clinton tried to pick his demon. He tried to declare that his demon was racism, but it was an old demon and a used demon—it was Robert Kennedy's demon—and he didn't really run important things. First of all, sometimes a man's biggest demon can't be chosen, sometimes it picks him. And second, sometimes it's him.

He is wearing his own suit. It is damp from perspiration. His thighs are bloody red because he's just been running. Hillary thinks he is not getting breathless, but he is here, in the limousine Room, out of breath and smiling. He is leaning back on the fake leather of a La Z Boy. His arms are folded behind his head. A woman is next to him but on the floor. You can only see her hair, study and there is a great deal of it. Her name is Caroline or Tiffany or Linda Sue, and she looks like the kind of girl who reads tabloid newspapers and comes and a deeply into caring for her nose.

Sometimes there is another kind of girl here—a waitress, or a cleaner one. She doesn't need anything from him, really. She's a lawyer or a real estate developer, and she looks almost like Sharon Stone. She's so pretty in her beautiful Prada suit. In fact, she she reminds him of all the girls who would never have anything to do with him when he was a fat boy in Herk County. That now that he's famous—now that he's a job of man, a politician, a thinker—the sales force.

I am reminded of the first time I met Bill Clinton. It was inside Union Station, in a reception for the anniversary of the Women's Campaign Fund. He was standing at a podium before a crowd of a few hundred women. It took him a while to quiet the crowd as he could deliver his remarks. The women were talking and drinking and smoking and leaving and in general not listening to him. It was February 1993, and he was the governor of a small state in the South, happy to travel to Washington, D.C., for a worthy cause. (See the De-Gooding Roses.) His name was new to me. At first black, he seemed generic—just another tall, good-looking man standing at a podium, outside the circle of a spotlight, under the high, cortical ceiling of the renovated train station. He was not yet famous. And I was a reporter in training for *The Washington Post*.



**BILL CLINTON VS. BARBARA SPIELMAN
WHO'S THE BETTER LEADER? YOU DECIDE**



The newspaper was mostly interested in my talking with Senator Nancy Kassebaum. She was the swing vote on John Tower's confirmation—he had been appointed secretary of defense, but allegations of his drinking and inappropriate behavior toward women had been made—and I was hoping to raise out her feelings. As I searched for Kassebaum in the crowd, I stumbled upon the presence of the fellow who had been speaking at the podium before I stepped to interview him, but it didn't feel like an interview so much as a conversation. When I asked a question, he asked one back. When I looked up from my notepad, his eyes were right there, looking at me. He was focused but untroubled. He was relaxed the way I have never seen a politician, as though he were breathing slower than everybody else. I forgot to ask him about Tower. Was he really a politician? I couldn't help but notice how warm he was—he gave off such a strong feeling of goodwill—and how so. "Why didn't men like this ever run for president?"

The next day when my story ran with quotes from Kassebaum and Clinton, I received two similar calls from women with whom I was friendly. They were both involved in Democratic politics. "So what do you think of Bill Clinton?" one friend asked. "I'd be his on any day!" I said. "I'd be his on any day?" "No." "Then I'm surprised." "I'm surprised to have a problem?" "Oh, yes! Yes."

Separate. They are friends trying to figure "together a mystery."

The big TV in the bedroom is on and the Cubs are playing the Mets. The baseball field on the television screen is throwing a pale green light onto the faces of Bill and Hillary Clinton, who are seated and sported in leather chairs and watching the game. This is the Hillary Rodham Clinton Room, and here she is focused on the game sometimes halting, shouting out the names of the players. He knows a lot about baseball, but memorized a million statistics but she knows more. She knows more about most things. About the fifth or sixth inning, he picks up his half glasses and begins to reveal the Edmond Morris biography of Theodore Roosevelt.

Sometimes in this room, the TV is off and she is huddling at him. Then the phone rings and it's Chelsea, and they take turns snatching up.

He leaves the next room; it's a huge carpeted VIP lounge of a room stuffed with reclining sofas. There are skoves and magazines, bathtubs and stacks, lots of sofas, hundreds of pay phones. So many people to accommodate! Such excitement! A blond in leotards? A Red Bull man? The Roddy family occupies a sofa in front of the wall? Vince Foster turns up—well, after all that time—carrying his Civil War pistol and looking for Christopher Brady. The troops are sitting on the labials bed and talking to Donald Brock, Wilb Hubbard is having a snack with Vernon Jordan, and Hillary is meeting with Mr. Rodham about his investments. There are boxes of Mrs. Eisenhower out of nowhere, all the time. Kiss kids everywhere. Rose Law Firm files Vice Foster files, THE

files. The lawyers are here—Bob Bennett and Bob Barnett and David Kendall. Mickey Kantor has flown in from California and Harry Thomson, too.

Paula Jones has wandered in from the Insular Room, trailed by Michael Binkoff. And Dick Morris is taking off his shoes.

When in the Scandal Room, the place where Bill Clinton feels most alive. This is the room that has defied him in our minds like no other. Certainly other presidents have spent much more time here, but never has it looked so glamorous, dangerous, and exciting. And never have we gotten so close to each in the future, we will all probably think that to be president is to be in this room. Clinton—he comes here when he's gotten a bit behind with the job, when he's trying to make life interesting for himself. If he isn't in the middle of a crisis, some unmanageable nightmare, he goes down. Maybe he's a good, even-loving, successful man, one of his biographers says. There is an expensive inside that he fills up with drinks, with problems, with attention. He is like a demented musician, Bud Kaveloff or the Human Cannonball. He doesn't want you to take your eyes off him.

Along the sides of the Scandal Room, there are windows—a big, ornate one, where politicians can come watch the goings on in their advertisements, the vastness of a private room. But now sometimes Dick Gephardt comes and Tim Lott and John Kasich. They think they can learn something by watching. Look at him! How unimpressed he is by the press!

They think to themselves that someday they could be Bill Clinton, but when Bill Clinton, their stars look cheap, their hair looks bad. Next to Clinton's face, they soon not to have faces at all. They are outlandish men, human tapestries, only legislators, not stars. They eat their rubber-chicken dinners and get their long-winded diatribes. They probably sleep with their wives, too.

From time to time, George Bush steps by from the Four Great Rooms to look in. He shakes his head and walks on.

Sometimes it's Steve Kroft who is asking the painful questions and sometimes Jan Lofgren. Sometimes Kroft is being kind, providing painful answers. It might be hard to remember all this pain but at the end of the day, in the excitement of this room—the Painful TV Interview Room—that moment for Bill Clinton's tremendous tabled loss. We watch his every move in this room. He is always in spiky. The allegations are always like: There are white-blue kids, lights

set up around him as Bill Clinton sits hunched over. His hands are rubbing against each other. He is leaning into the camera, about to yell at something. His hands because he wants us to know it is hard for him, all this. His eyes are closed. He's come in pain. The skin around his eyes looks thick and swollen. He hasn't slept, we conclude. And sometimes the faintest crack of a smile, inappropriate and greedy—the smile of Jesus Swaggett—rips onto his face as if he were receiving a testimonial from God or something; a secret he wants to be sharing with anyone.

Slowly, he begins the explanation. It isn't an explanation, though. It's a denial. There are pauses between words, holes the size of one of those dark areas on the moon they call seas, even though they have no water. (Normally, he talks fast and can talk forever.) We can tell he is lying. He is a monumental liar and as outrageous as this posture he is, he is not a politician and broadcaster, not even the most significant of all! With a compensating ripple effect: He lies and creates a crack of lies, then a gully of lies, then a canyon of lies. His adventures lie, his friends lie. His wife lies. They say they believe he isn't lying, but they know he is. We all know he is.



But when we sit at home watching the broadcast from the Painful TV Interview Room, we are able to fall for Bill Clinton all over again—not just for his politics but for the ambiguity and the ability to act and the story, the bravura performance. He isn't like a person and not quite a deity. He is more like a cartoon character like Road Aardvark could drop on him. And he could be wrong, again and again. There's never been anybody remotely like him and maybe never will be again, we think.

He is winning. His mouth comes slowly. He turns to Hillary and squirms her hand. Bright red is splashed all over the walls of this room. And when he opens his white oxford-dish shirt, we can see his beating heart.

He doesn't have to be—that's the amazing part. He's so popular, so appealing. We would buy the truth, however ugly. He is too insecure to know that. But even his nervousness is fascinating. Everything about him is fascinating. The way he rose to power. The way he falls. He is so tabloid star like in a pop-culture. And he is so vulnerable. We are the victim, and he is the host. We are the gatekeepers, and he is the real. When he gets so trouble after—and he'd always be getting in trouble, scandals and on pulps were a part of him the way his hands were a part [continued on page 14]



LEFT: TED BALK; RIGHT: BOB KURTZMAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEOFF KEHN 439,000 CIGARETTES

MY FATHER

LONG

LIVE THE

CAREER

SMOKER

SMOKERS DON'T NEED OUR PITY, AS THE LEGIONS OF LAWYERS LINING UP TO SUE BIG TOBACCO ASSERT. THEY DON'T NEED THE LAWSUITS, EITHER. IN FACT, THEY DESERVE OUR PRAISE. AN 8

body, come here and congratulate your brilliant dad, who's never lost a case?" We would ever so briefly turn away from the television and toward him and would roll our eyes. Jim shook.

Who provided his was not cool because as students he wore a leather park and leather sandals and because though he was a someone (oh, he better show some gold), if that qualified, he nevertheless thrives like a god. Still, he seemed an afflicted with his achievements, the fruits of his labors, that we couldn't help but in it, too. He would sit there with his hands behind his head, his legs stretched out on the coffee table, and that gaze of his was just of contempt. He had a bright eye, crooked kind of grin that made him—well, it made him look like an imbecile. Happy, though, a perfectly self-satisfied imbecile, wholly emboldened by self-doubt, largely free from everyday demons of worry—the world, or some not-polly-puzz of it, his.

Death certificates are generally the same size (or both certificates, right and a half) by eleven-six pages turned on their sides, and have on them roughly the same amount of data. Though their contents are typically a bit more detailed, the two documents are strikingly similar, despite the considerable difference in the volume of information available. The piece of paper that summarizes and makes official my father's death I have in a small box that holds what little about him I was able to salvage from the house we sold shortly after he died. Some papers from his education into the Army, a high school yearbook, a curiously eye-magazine circle of liquor-store receipts from a garage in Cape Cod shortly after he resumed my mother.

He died of lung and brain cancer in 1991. After feeling okay for weeks and collapsing five or six times while standing or walking or working, he let himself be taken to the emergency room and, after a few tests, was diagnosed with advanced cancer of the everywhere. It was given a year on the outside. For reasons that only a man who wore madras pants and watched AlJ religiously—and he did, he did, never missed—would understand, when he got home from the hospital, he picked up as if nothing had happened. He set out to work each day during his gray and wearing his gray slacks, smoking normal and taking calls he could scarcely have hoped to finish. At the same time, he flirted briefly with radiation and chemotherapy, vocated prodigiously, lost his hair, felt generally terrible for a month or so, and then, when it became clear that the treatments were doing little to slow his disease, he quietly quit the therapy altogether. Soon after, things progressed with painful speed. The cancer was moving, retreating—the doctors said so, and you would swear you could see it right there under his skin—growing black, vascular, vascular, the cancer courting throughout, up from the legs to the brain via the spinal column, co-opting muscle, invading every organ, demolishing, step by step, until cancer walked all over my father, in large part because he opened the door, started on the porch light, and entered in a hearty—No! No! Said One in and has a noble one. See, when other, similarly cancer-riddled people might be in bed, he was defiant, unrepentant, coolly determined, still smoking and drinking and going to work—and then he continued to till while sound

ing or walking or working and then, after maybe a month, he quit whatever fighting he had been doing. And he slipped away one afternoon in November.

He was a smoker. A heavy smoker, a chain smoker, someone who bought cigarettes two coffees at a time. A cigar smoker. A professional smoker. His skin was gray but tooth yellow, the first two fingers on his right hand (and dead from the ash of cigarettes like him) was a smoker's smoker. A smoke invader.

He had built most aspects of his life around his habit. He had an office in each part of the house he frequented one by the coach, one by the bed, one for the kitchen—he could sit into the backyard. He was particularly proud of the special stretch—"Oh, it ain't be good no more. See how Joe Smalley—he had installed in the door panel of his car so he could smoke with his left hand and drive with his right, instead of vice versa, which was apparently too awkward.

His smoking, too, as indeed smoking, becomes for many people, less a habit and more a defining characteristic, and, tragically, smoking, his consciousness to the near-constant smoking of cigarettes, a one of the two or three odd things I remember about him. I realize that seems odd and strange. It always seemed odd and strange to me, too. And now—and this is perhaps the worst part of a all—now that he's been dead six and a half years, he's being used anecdotally in a story largely about tobacco litigation, with, as a dead person, absolutely nothing to say about it.

Oh well.

As a lawyer's son—and, I should mention, the son of a lawyer who did not take cases that seem not comparable with his sense of right and wrong—I look for blame. And responsibility for his death, the death of a father of fact, cut down at fifty-five with presumably no results to list for, is what that is all about.

It's early fall in Chicago, it's warm and sunny and perfect and we're at the glossy, five-starred Parliament Hotel overlooking Lake Michigan's goppy, peppy blue, and Woody Wilner is at the helm of the ball. About 200 lawyers have gathered at this Mesley's Tobacco Conference. Some men and beyond, to strategize, meet and mingle, and hear about the recently proposed global legal settlement (the Global), as it's called) negotiated between fifty major tobacco general and the country's major insurers of cigarettes, collectively (and in almost all cases pejoratively) known as the Tobacco Industry.

Despite redneck food and the glaring presence of the convention center—who sorts each seminar by asking, "How are you all feeling?" and then scolding "I can't hear you"—I'm having a great time. I like lawyers, and I am indelibly fascinated by the story of tobacco companies, and by the ultimately brilliant and clumsy legal defens-

ing the tobacco companies do in response.

Announced last June, the global tobacco settlement would force the tobacco industry to create a fund of at least \$160 billion, paid over twenty-five years, to cover state medical costs for those who have smoking-related diseases, and for various cessation and anti-smoking education efforts. In return, lawyers would be associated against all current and future class-action liability lawsuits and punitive damages in individual suits, in turn giving them some predictability of future profits. The general consensus at the convention is that the settlement, albeit with a host of modifications, will likely pass in the spring, when Congress returns. And so naturally there are all kinds of legal celebrities here to attend before the camera and take credit. At the head of the pack, as always, is Mike Moore, the colorful but wildly conservative Mississippi attorney general who in 1994 gave both to the then-outdated idea of suing the tobacco industry to recover Medicaid costs (and that from smoking-related diseases) The American Lung Association is here, South Bay's tobacco-industry analyst—young man actually named Jerry Feldman—a real CNN is here. But the real star among this herd of aggressive, competitive, occasionally self-righteous personalities is the guy who single-handedly scored the loving the one of the mad-as-hell-declar cigarette industry and its legions of lawyers. Newswold "Woody" Wilner.

He is chubby and disheveled looking and with a winning ability to keep what he does, he does, like only as if he's been pegged in heavy winds. Still, the guy has presence. He glides through the Patterson's carpeted hall like a tank, radiating a casual confidence, knowing, probably that every lawyer there wants to be him. Inside him, he seems four feet tall, shaka, he goddamn tobacco-industry-crushing hand. George, gather around him and his name is newswold in virtually every speech and conversation. He is called a "punter," a "hero," and, twice, a "warrior." Why? Because Newswold "Woody" Wilner is the Guy Who Won.

He's the tobacco-industry bastard, and on his first goddamn try. The victory had been long in coming. Since the 1990s, when the connection between cancer and cigarettes was first demonstrated, thousands of dying smokers, and thousands of their survivors, had been trying to sue, or at least thinking about suing, the tobacco industry, with the vast majority of them making out of money or passing long before getting to court. In 1991, only of the at least nineteen courts that had made it to trial, only one had ever been awarded a judgment, and even that was overturned on appeal.

So then, in August 1997, completely out of nowhere came this guy, Woody Wilner, partner in a tiny practice in Jacksonville, Florida, a guy who had made his career, fifteen years' worth, defending the tobacco industry, oddly enough, and this guy Wilner takes this client, Grovly Carter—a sixty-year-old air traffic controller who had

smoked for forty-three years and then contracted lung cancer—was thrown to Williamson, starts everyone with some new and outrageously increasing industry documents, and wins a \$200,000 judgment. Boom. Unbelievable.

On the day of the verdict, tobacco stocks tanked. The industry lost \$4.5 billion in a day. All because of this one guy, Wilner? And, miraculously, the settlement that the American Lung Association had picked up and said Bill-to-A whooper blasted through the ears of every savvy trial lawyer in America, and the content of that whooper was that it can be done. Goddamn, it can be done.

So at the Parliament, you can feel the excitement. The lawyers gathered are spirited and cheerful. They put one another on the back, ask about the family, the kids. All of a sudden, it's good to be an antitobacco lawyer. After so many years of frustration, so many years of being accused (or lost) by their opponents as money-grubbing, unscrupulous, unethical, commiserators, they finally have a reason to feel good about their work, because of the turning tale, because of the possibility of the largest legal payday in history, and because, when you think about it, for a trial lawyer, taking a bite out of the tobacco companies can scarcely be beat. They are messes to the health of the populace, richer than the pope, and perfectly unapologetic about their complexity in the deaths of tens of millions. A last?

Interesting story. When my father was dying and was in intensive care, about a day and a half from throwing in the towel, a priest was sent, presumably to administer last rites or whatever. After meeting him and ascertaining the purpose of the visit, my father, without slipping a beat, sure face out. When he related this story later—it had become something of a legend in the ward—the doctor made reference to the priest that dates the existence of tobacco in the proscribed trenches. "They say there are no atheists in the trenches," the doctor said, looking at the floor. "But, who?" I was surprised, and a little impressed, even while knowing that my father never went to church or had any interest in any sort of God. (My mother, a devout Catholic, forbade us to talk to his father about religion.) Anyway, I am relatively sure that my father was in a pretty deep and dark trench at that point and will be unconsciously sent the priest away—willingly—soon let the man do some sort of cursory prayer. Well, more, anyway. The priest had entered. Wilner, knowing that my father was not a churchgoer, not affiliated with any church at all. But thinking that he was doing the wretched, hollowed-out guy man a favor, he came in, offering some sort of chance at repentance, a fleeting last shot for the flailing cancer, a one-in-a-thousand relief offer for redemption, that one, my father had no patience for interminable talking at night or nonstop fondlesmen raving the hell on weekdays. To that, he would open the door, smile politely and say no thanks, then close the door firmly. Which is what, I'm quite sure, he did with this pope, well-meaning priest. He smiled amiably, and, being unable to get up and show the poor father the business side of the door flailing, just said, "No thanks."

"But My Father?"
"No thanks, Goddang."

The Chicago convention has more than a dozen seminars, but none are as popular as Wilner's "Standing Alone: Stats by Individual Smokers." It's the second day of the affair,

and during his spell, he's not only laying out the play-by-play of how he got thrown in Williamson, he's got the crowd rolling in the aisles. What's so funny? A deposition a few months before, Brewer had gone up to Louisiana to depose Lewis Tucker, Brown & Williamson's director of research from 1993 to 1996. Now Wilners got the deposition transcribed and on the overhead and is reading it aloud. A sample.

Wilner: As you or he today do you believe that cigarette smoke causes lung cancer in humans beings?

Tucker: No, I don't.

Wilner: Do you believe that air pollution causes lung cancer in humans beings?

Tucker: No.

Wilner: Do you believe that asbestos causes cancer in humans beings?

Tucker: Definitely not.

Wilner: What are the causes of human lung cancer, in your opinion?

Tucker: I'd say the inhalation of very particular substances.

Wilner: Like what?

Tucker: Like tar.

Wilner: Tar? What kind of tar?

Tucker: From a bucket of baking tar.

People are literally falling off their chairs. Wilner's got the crowd by the balls—they love him more now that they've seen him, heard him, the legend—because he's both very funny and he knows, as much as or more than anyone, about where the tobacco industry is hiding every last body.

The Tucker deposition and the ever-growing pile of transcribing several documents and testimony that continue to sum up part of the reason why so many lawyers are reluctant to embrace the global settlement now and why it's pretty easy to laugh at the aging, seemingly senile and delusional Lewis Tucker, despite the fact that we're talking about obstruction on a level that seems reprehensible almost science-fictional. Then again, when evil is at its most basic structure with impunity at its most pure, well, that's entertainment.

Entertainment: As an example, I would now like to relate, for the record, the Barry O'Connell bit.

My mother was dying of cancer at the same time as my father—I would take too long to explain here but yes, that, true—and there was a period when they were both doing the chemo and the radiation at the same time and had each come to the point where the hair starts coming out in clumps, making the use of wigs necessary, or at least prudent.

My mother had been enjoying cancer's bounty for years, so the already had a small assortment of hair restorations after finishing her own hair, full and lovely, and dad's look of that waggles allowing her to carry a bit of overhead convincingly.

Dad, though, well, he was never a man man, yet had long prided himself on having an fiery, at fifty and

beyond, a full head of wavy silver hair. Which made it all the more surprising to see him for the first time wearing the wig.

Wilner: At home, and I was sitting across the room. He was watching *ALF* chuckling at the impressive actor but there was something on his head that commanded attention. Now, it's important to keep in mind that he had already worn the wig so work and that he had, he was by unannounced, gone to bed earlier. Prior, the day before to have it styled. And I knew he was very sick and everything, but I could not help myself from saying comment. The wig was too short, too short by the way it can be too small leaving too much of the head, that which is to be covered, uncovered. And it really didn't look like hair at all—it was too soft, fuzzy even. And he was wearing a son of a bitch (or was it on backward). He was sitting there, smoking and having a vodka and some, blissfully unaware of the fact that as a man named Pat, was not a wig styled by a man named Pat, was not a wig at all. It was a fairly open man.

Furry even suits were popular back then. I was sure that I had seen something like it that day at the hardware store, and told him I, I'd commented on the personal style element he had added. The third aspect reminded me of the way many youths of the day were wearing their baseball hats—so degrees of calculated nonchalance. So I complimented him on both his fashion sense and his ingenuity. Honestly, why shall we do the actor for a real wig when a furry even suit from True Value would do?

My mother, her cancer, in her regular chair wearing her own wig, chuckled in agreement.

John: It does look pretty dumb," she said. Obvious, he kept his attention on *ALF*. I turned toward the TV and became immediately engrossed in the fun.

And that's when they must have placed the counter-attack. They knew I didn't think like strong their hair heads, spically with hair drings—even though it was less comfortable for them, I had begged them to keep the wigs on at home—so the next time I looked up from *ALF* I found them both staring at me, wigs on their lips, their hair, spically parts being open and transparent above their wild eyes and sinister grin.

Turkey

As I ran from the room, looking for a pillow to bury my head in, their shrieks of laughter followed me through halls and doors.

John: Karlowky has a nice kind of look about her. She is fifty-eight, with a sort of bouffant of white-blond hair that flows from her face, straggle and wavy like cotton candy. It is three weeks after the Chicago conference, and we are in Jacksonville, where Wilner is taking a whack at his third tobacco case. By the first day of jury selection, and Karlowky sits in front and center, perhaps eight feet from the pool of twenty-five potential jurors, wearing a hot-pink suit with shoes to match. Karlowky is naming R. J. Reynolds for a session in compensatory damages for the company's part in causing her cancer, far long and then back.

At the Farmers lounge in Chicago I had asked Wilner

who would constitute a perfect class, one most likely to bring a victory against a tobacco company. He took a sip of his drink, leaned back in his chair and drawled, "We don't really pick and choose our clients."

Maybe, but there are things that one would obviously hope for in a client. First, a plaintiff who is suffering from cancer but is able to testify as preferable to one whose story seems to have a sliver of doubt and require the suffering and loss. Second, if it can be reasonably proved that the plaintiff's cancer was caused solely by cigarettes—someone without a strong family history of cancer, someone who doesn't smoke around other carcinogens—it helps deflect the tobacco company's inevitable argument that genetics or "environmental factors" contributed to the disease. Third, a speaker who was loyal to one brand is preferable to one who switched, it makes it easier to single out one company. Last, the plaintiff should be able to prove that he or she was absolutely addicted to cigarettes, powder to quit. It can prove that the plaintiff tried the gum and the patches and therapy and hypnosis, that he or she desperately wanted to quit but always failed because, simply, the tobacco companies had engineered a deliberately addictive product, that you're getting somewhere.

But any casual observer could see that with Karlowky Wilner was screwed from the get-go. Considering that with his reputation he could have had virtually any case he wanted and he has hundreds of tobacco plaintiffs awaiting his attention—Karlowky's case means at best an odd choice for Wilner to take to court, at worst a complete waste of time. Except for her being alive, Karlowky's case departs strangely from each of the basic conditions mentioned above. Yes, she had cancer, but almost years passed between the time she quit smoking and the diagnosis of her illness, making causation not impossible to prove, but certainly more difficult. Worse,

"MY CLIENTS ARE IMPERFECT."

SHE SAID THE TRIAL LAWYER.

It's debatable that her addition to the case happened with

REYNOLDS'S CIGARETTES

And the addition question in Karlowky's case, was perhaps the biggest problem of all. When it

THE TOBACCO COMPANIES

eventually occurred to her to quit—in 1974, she began during an oval jigsaw, who urged her to give up the habit—she quit on her first try, quit turkey. How does one claim addiction when the plaintiff can drop the habit the moment her head is covered by a new bifurcated with a forehead for nylon shorts?

And once jury selection started, everything got worse. R. J. Reynolds's lawyer, Ed Grossman, is screwing the jury pool in a way that's almost paragonic. Grossman commands the dock. Arizona, dead straight of a tobacco lawyer that might come to mind. A wonderfully starchy posture-looking man, he is short and slight and has poor posture, his eyes are sad, pinking eyes, his voice raspy, and his suit is too small. But he has a way with these people. One by one, he interviews the potential jurors,

chewing them up about their lives, their jobs, asking about their attitudes about smoking, how they got their news, but also, here and there, casually asking about their families, hobbies, and, hell, their taste in music. When an older black woman mentions that she listened to gospel music on the radio, he takes off his glasses, puts one end in his mouth and stares thoughtfully, "It helps you throughout the day, doesn't it?" When the male, he says, "That's nice" and then pauses for a moment that makes clear that he means it. He's listening and down-to-earth, conveying the impression that instead of being in this stuffy courtroom, he's much rather be sitting on the front porch with these good people, sipping an iced lemonade and shooting the breeze. Oh Mr. Ed and Mr. Jon, if I could only get away from all this!

And whether the prospective jurors want to please their new friend Ed Grossman or they simply are, from the perspective of someone hoping to sue the tobacco industry, it seems possible advantage of people in Jacksonville of the world they proceed to evaluate Wilner's case before it even begins.

Seven of them said to smoke, and most say they quit with ease. There is one woman who has managed, over a number of years, to smoke only occasionally—a casual indulgence. There is one woman who quit when she became pregnant—"it wasn't hard," she says—and then puffed it up again afterward. "With open eyes," asks Grossman, measuring aware of the risks. "Yes," she says, nodding forcefully.

When Grossman asks if anyone would object to working for a tobacco company, only one raises his hand.

The only potential bright spot seems to be that no less than two-thirds of the pool have lost loved ones to smoking. Fathers, mothers, grandmothers, uncles, friends. But even this doesn't help.

Grossman turns to a woman whose mother smoked and died of cancer. "Do you blame the tobacco companies for your mother's death?"

"No," she says.

To a woman with two relatives dead from tobacco-related cancer: "Do you hold the tobacco companies responsible?"

"No. They would not quit, and they didn't."

It got worse. When asked if any of them would be unable to serve as objective jurors, three say they could not.

"Sounds like a fishy thing to me," says one man.

"Sounds like she's in it for the money," says another, who has just told a story about how when he was a child, his father threatened to smoke him out a pack of cigarettes if he was caught smoking.

"I can quit," says the third objector, "why can't every one else?"

Wilner is playing with his hair, a few fingers twirling among the thicker on the back of his head. At the same time that it becomes clear why these cases are so seldom won, I suddenly realize why Woody Williams's hair is perpetually unkempt.

My father and I talked about drugs a few times, and each time he encouraged me to do them.

The conversations took place in high school and usually started when I was being brought for something—leaving the garage door open at night, spilling something on the



Ed Grossman (left) and Karlowky (right) sitting at a table during the trial.

carpet—that I deemed unworthy of a hamper, and I would fill them so, and in doing so I would occasion, by the way that for a kid like me, a kid with good grades and no criminal record, a kid who had never known any trouble with anyone, a kid who had been, yes, given a citizenship award by the American Legion, to be hanged about spilled garbage was completely ridiculous. "This is completely ridiculous!" I would say. "I could be drinking! I could be doing drugs like everyone else! You should be happy to have me! I'm a damn teenager!"

He slapped his vodka. "Do drugs? Do drugs, and drink all you want, and get around—do it all!"

I would save Niall's. Then he'd finish me off. "For thank you're hurting me if you do drugs? It's not my life, it's yours!"

JoAnn Karbowy has a taste for excess and chance. Her one-bedroom apartment has the look of a vacation condominium—all beveled glass, flowers, posters, and wall-to-wall carpeting. On a chaise longue near the dining room table, there is a man in a white shirt, white shorts, and a white shirt. Karbowy is divorced and lives alone about thirty miles from downtown Jacksonville. I am visiting her at home because I have drawn the obvious parallels between her life and her career and my father's. I have a vague hope that she can shed some light on my father, on the workings of his brain.

Karbowy started smoking on a date when she was about sixteen. By the time she was eighteen, in 1968, she was hooked. She says that she did not truly realize the dangers of her smoking until new warnings came out in 1974. The old warnings, which read, WARNING: THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DETERMINED THAT CIGARETTE SMOKING IS DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH, was replaced by a warning from one of his pals, the man in the pose of which was AMERICAN GENERAL'S WARNING: SMOKING CAUSES LUNG CANCER, HEART DISEASE, EMPHYSEMA, AND MAY COMPLICATE PREGNANCY. About this time, she started juggling with the new boyfriend, and the gun.

I ask her what it was like every day to face the pressures of those around her urging her to quit. Her ex-boyfriend needed her, his daughter boarded her. She accepted it as a condition of her love, she says. When they wanted that smoke outside, she smoked outside.

For my father, a proposition like "Drink from his own hand" felt so very far around it. As children, we were so repelled by the smell that even casual interaction was a struggle. When needing help on homework, for instance, we would attempt to fit entire conversations in the two to three minutes he tended to allow between cigarettes, rearranging us to plan our thoughts into our words, and then talk as quickly as possible. Despite our efforts, however, the Christ? Well! All the while, we would be anxiously cowering his right hand for signs of movement. When he finished for the cigarettes on the end table, the conversation was over, with us hastily jumping to the room before he blew his first drag to the ceiling. As we got older, we became more intolerant—less Dad!—and soon stopped spending much time in his company at all. When our youngest brother, Chris, was a baby, we kept him from the smoke entirely, forcing the first floor for the smoke-free

corners of the basement. Then, with a wife and four children in the house, my father often spent evenings alone, in the family room.

I ask if Karbowy believes she bears any responsibility for convincing cancer after smoking for thirty years.

"No."
"None."
"No."

I ask her to elaborate. "Well, I didn't know it was dangerous. If I knew it was dangerous, I wouldn't have started smoking in the first place. It's pretty silly to start smoking when you know it can kill you."

Her daughter, Amanda, is twenty and has been smoking since she was fourteen. "She lived with me during chemotherapy and my hair falling out," says Karbowy.

WHAT IS THE PURPOSE

OF THESE CASES?*

THE TOBACCO EXECUTIVE ASKS.

WHO WAS AWARE OF THE

RISKS AND DECIDED TO USE

THE PRODUCT, WE ASK.

THE BEST PRODUCT WE CAN...

"I said to her, 'I can't stop you, but I wish you wouldn't do it.'" Karbowy says. "I said, 'Don't expect me to buy you a pack of cigarettes.'"

And I have some longer for pack of cigarettes. "I told, they really ask why the smoke her daughter smokes, considering that she not only had the benefit of strong warning labels and ubiquitous antismoking messages but also had been warned, in the form of her career-ruined mother to the guy results of the habit.

She is not easily won.

Then the events. I know the sound of the kitchen cabinet opening and closing to be retrieved another pack from one of the cartons he would keep high above the counter. I know the faint thud thud as he packed the cigarette against his palm. I know the sound of his right hand back to the living room, the slow shift of him taking into his spot on the couch, the soft thump of his feet finding their place on the coffee table close to my head as I lay stomach-down on the floor, doing my homework. I know the cackle as he removed the phone from the package, the tap of a cigarette over on the table. I know the click of metal on glass as he packed his silver lighter off the side table, the pit pit pit of metal striking first. Then the squeak of the lighter's tip swiveling back and clicking closed. Then a pause. A low. Then the first inhale, deep with relief.

But I don't get much of a picture. I never watched.

Wilder and Karbowy later. And it won't be because Wilder did not show that the tobacco industry has led to the public for many, many deaths. He did, and he also established, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that cigarettes cause cancer and that they

are, for many people, extremely addictive.

Meanwhile, Ted Grossman's case was a marvel of luck or coincidence. The standard industry defense (he ate it both using and since it started getting used regularly, it's naturally addictive, and, you really think about it, it's either perfectly benign or perfectly stupid. They lay it out like that.)

(1) We are not responsible for this person's cancer, because no one has definitively proved that cigarettes cause cancer.

(2) Even if cigarettes have ever, in a few rare instances, caused cancer, they did not cause cancer in this person, because the person (a) has relatives who have had cancer and is therefore genetically predisposed toward the disease, (b) lived near power lines or a factory or in or near a city where, as we all know, there is cancer-causing pollution.

(3) Even if cigarettes did cause this person's cancer, she should have known better because, as everyone knows

(a) Smoking is bad for your health.

(b) Smoking, yes, but come to think of it, so is Wilder's or generic, which goes something like that.

(c) My dad contracted cancer from smoking cigarettes.

(d) My dad was addicted to cigarettes because cigarettes are so addictive as heroin or crack.

(e) Though most of the country was well aware, from the 1950s forward, that cigarettes were addictive and dangerous, my dad was not. She did not know that they were dangerous until, in 1968, the labels told they were HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH.

(f) She smoked for eighteen years just because the labels were not sufficient to

stop her, when they said that

SMOKING CAUSES LUNG CANCER.

(g) At which time my dad quit using the substance to which she was addicted.

On her first try.

After the verdict, the tobacco industry had reason to cheer, and suddenly its claim that the Gedy Carter case was "an aberration" became more convincing. Wilder, however, was unfazed and immediately announced plans to be in court again in February. JoAnn Karbowy was disappointed but had no place to appeal and went back to her job as a loan processor. Meanwhile, California banned smoking in all bars and restaurants. Lesca's case was settled for \$5.5 billion, a handful of individual suits, most of which were brought from Wilder's consulting help. Wilder was headed to trial, the global settlement was awaiting the attention of Congress, and the tobacco industry was getting longingly toward Asia. And on February 23, my father started filing.

There was a point in the Karbowy trial, on maybe the third day, when the essence of what troubled me about these cases became clear: Wilder had his expert witness on the stand, an esteemed pulmonary pathologist from Duke University,

and the two were liberally debating how the carcinogens in cigarette smoke inside the cells in lung tissue, causing mutations and thus cancer. Wilder officially asked the doctor how long it usually took for a regular smoker to contract lung cancer.

"Thirty to forty years," the doctor said.

Wilder continued his questioning, or so the testimony of Karbowy's particular witness, but my head had stopped there. Thirty to forty years. Last Wilder's case, if it wasn't doomed because of Karbowy, was lost like three—thirty to forty years!—and along with it came to a point of understanding in the case of my own father. Last at the window now, do I know now? I understood him better than ever before. I knew his work, the workings of his head, the clear, clear window through which he saw the world. I finally understood father (smoking) was him and so! And he knew. He knew what he was doing, clearly and thus he would have had some of the cost, none of the stung of cigarette addiction for his part in his death. They say you can't stop one your heart and find a comfort of his pal!

No, addition or not, I am not able to find a way to hold the wisdom of cigarettes responsible for my father's death. Not even partially, really, despite perfectly convincing arguments of culpability. Like Wilder's, because, first and foremost, to do so would be to impugn that credit and would deny my father the fruit of his life's work. I have never begrudged my father his achievements, and to do so now when he isn't even here, would be unconsciously even graver. My father's efforts to die from cancer were spectacular in their single-mindedness, his determination, tenacity, steadiness, and resolve nothing less than immortality. To work as he did for decades to slant out distractions, to deny power even slightly off court, to never jeopardize the availability of his law—it was, quite frankly, something approaching the heroic. And I won't take that away from him.

Let's do the math. My father smoked about two and a half packs of cigarettes a day. Fifty cigarettes a day. Three hundred and fifty a week. More than eighteen thousand a year. Six hundred and thirty thousand over thirty-three years. That's something like that.

Well, And that's the easy part. Now, let's acknowledge that, like Karbowy, each time he opened a package, he was faced with a warning. By period, those warnings were 1960-70 CAUTION: CIGARETTE SMOKING MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH.

1970-84 WARNING: THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DETERMINED THAT CIGARETTE SMOKING IS DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH.

1984 SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: SMOKING CAUSES LUNG CANCER, HEART DISEASE, EMPHYSEMA, AND MAY COMPLICATE PREGNANCY.

Now depending on which side he set the package of cigarettes on, he might have to see the [continued on page 143]



PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD. GROSSMAN'S CASE WAS SETTLED FOR \$5.5 BILLION.



Sixteen True Tales About Greg Norman

By Joe Bargmann
Photographs by
Gregory Heiser

When, not so long from now, he gives up golf entirely, Greg Norman will just have to fall back on everything else he is: an easy-riding, high-flying, land-developing family man who just happens to be a confidant of presidents and maybe, just maybe, a lot more like Martha Stewart than your average beer-drinking, trash-talking professional athlete.

OFF! GREG NORMAN HATES GOLF

This is a few years back: Norman is playing at Old Man's, a great layout near West Palm Beach. With him are the course's famous designer, Pete Dye, and Dye's right-hand man, Jason McCoy.

On the seventeenth hole, a par 3, McCoy hits two perfect driving shots, leaving him less than a hundred yards—a simple flip of a sand wedge—to get home in three. As Norman stands by silently, McCoy lines up his third and sinks it over the green.

"I just hate golf," McCoy says in a thick southern drawl as he scrambles after his errand that "if the truth, I'd rather be taking."

Norman falls into step with him. "I hate it, too," he agrees to McCoy in that nasal Aussie accent. "It's my job and I hate it."

TWO BUT THEN

GREG NORMAN LOVES GOLF
Club in hand, Norman strolls along a sandy path at his home club, the Medal in St. He is announcing. He is talking about how he considered becoming a fighter pilot or pursuing a career in bodybuilding after high school. Of course, that was merely postponing the inevitable. He got his first set of clubs at fifteen, and within two years he was a soccer player.

He recalls the moment when he decided to dedicate himself to golf. It was on a beach called Nihoa, in southeast Queensland, which was charming with surf due to its eponymous coast. Determined to conquer the swells, he went out to the point and jumped in. The waves swallowed him, and he was sucked to the bottom and bounced hard off the sand. The only way in was to swim about a half a mile, and when he finally got back to land, he was exhausted from fighting the tide. He practices himself there on the beach, sweating and having to catch his breath, and he laughs.

"I was thinking there might be something I could do that was fun, less time wasted on the kids' games." He pools off the path, headed for his ball, which lies in the fairway three hundred easy yards from where he hit a ball off the tee. "Some thing like... golf!" He seizes a pure shot and watches it sail away—"on a frozen landing rope."

"God, I love this game," he says to no one in particular. "It's why I'm the best in the world. I never want to lose that feeling. Never."

FOUR HE CAN DO ALL THIS BECAUSE YOU SIT ON THE COUCH ON SUNDAY WATCHING GOLF

Submerged and wearing a second bottle of Miller Genuine Draft aboard the jet, Norman says that golf doesn't mean to him what it used to. "It's still number one," he says, "but to a different percentage level." Two hours ago, Norman finished playing golf in oppressive heat at the Rio Mar Country Club in Puerto Rico as the inaugural round of the Ryder Cup, which he designed. It's the first forty minutes of the flight back to his home, near West Palm Beach, Florida. He would today build golf courses in Costa Rica and the Cayman Islands. His weeklong love allows that. People will go to these places just because they carry the association of his name.

Business done, Norman, barefoot and wearing denim shorts and a white T-shirt with a tiny shark logo, sits back to enjoy his beer—he is Australian, after all. He explains that in the late eighties, golf occupied 50 percent of his life. "Now I find going to the golf course is hard work. I've done it for seventy-one years professionally and to stand there and for another six hundred balls the same appeal. My approach to golf is more fun, it's enjoyable. The percentage is now like 50/50. Golf is still the highest priority, but it's coming down."

FIVE GREG NORMAN MAY SOON RETIRE, BUT DON'T EXPECT HIM TO SIT ON THE COUCH ON SUNDAY WATCHING GOLF

Norman's decreased playing time in part of the seven-year plan he hatched in 1995, a plan that would allow him to leave the links in the year 2000. That's late as in retire. "I have no ambition to play on the Senior Tour," he says. Billy "Whaa's his soon. I'll be forty-five. I give myself seven years to set myself up in such a way that I'd make the decision to quit, I can."

He's talking strictly about golf, of course. Because Norman will certainly be busy otherwise. The evidence is all around you.

You see him on billboards and in magazine ads, howling his glowing line, which in 1997 for the third consecutive year, posted a better three-year average sales increase. In May, you'll see him driving the pace car at the Indianapolis 500 as part of his sponsorship deal with Chevrolet. Pick up a golf magazine and you'll read hyperbolic praise for the golf course he designs, at a base fee of \$1 million a pop. One of them, the Tournament Players Club at Sugarloaf, near Atlanta, which hosts the BellSouth Classic, is perhaps the most renowned course built in the past twenty years. PGA officials were so impressed by it that they jiggled next year's tournament schedule to place the BellSouth between the Players Championship and the Masters. Another Norman course is in the works, Dorsing, on the coast of Ireland, but

already been derailed at the size of the Ryder Cup in 2001. Norman also owns a pure strain of Bermuda grass—500 acres of which he has planted—and it's all sold out.

SIX BUT YOU KNOW WHAT GREG NORMAN REALLY WANTS? TO BE JUST LIKE MARTHA STEWART

Scenes where along the line, he mused that he could make a lot of money—and not just by wearing outrageous purses and hauling in lucrative sponsorship deals. Part of it was simply recognizing his position in the history of the game. Golf had gained a popularity that it first seemed faddish but then hung on. Rock stars and Hollywood types formerly addicted to illegal substances and their affairs were now getting hooked on the links. Walt Stizeman named one of the stars of the game, using again as a point. Meanwhile, golf's last truly dominant player—Tom Watson, who had won eight majors (five British Opens, two Masters and a U.S. Open) between 1974 and 1983—had lost his putting stroke, and Arnie and Jack were getting crustier by the minute. From their success on the course, they had built business careers, but happily successful ones, and you, too, they had transcended the game, showing what could be done. They had won enough to become aids, married aids long enough to become assets, and in sports, as in politics, no one succeeds late as in 1908.

So Norman looked around at his contemporaries and he saw—what? Byrne Stewart? Fred Couples? Nick Price? David Lead III? Nick Price, for sure, and wonderful players, but did any one of them do the profile that Norman did? Not even close.

BerkCo CEO Paul Freeman looked around, too, and came to a similar conclusion: It was time to capitalize on Norman's insight. At the time, the only thing that bore the shark logo was a line of golf clothes that Norman first affixed his name to in 1991. Notably, the clothes also bore the BerkoCo emblem, which was Norman's brainstrom to do away with. Freeman signed Norman to a lifetime agreement, an unprecedented deal that looked nothing like the track



road athlete-sponsor strap, giving Norman not only his own label but greater independence.

"I didn't want it to be about things that look promotional," Freeman says sitting with Norman in a huge oceanfront suite at Rio Mar. "It got to be about quality—about building a brand under Greg Norman, not just selling goods under Greg Norman."

The goal is for Norman and his Greg Norman Collection to transcend golf, to move beyond being a player to become an icon, a symbol of success or at the very least, secure reputation. The model for this quest? Pinch tennis legend Raul Lacoste. Le Coucou. Does it matter that no one who wears an Allglove shirt today actually remembers Lacoste? Norman doesn't think so.

SEVEN BOYS HAVE TOYS: GREG NORMAN HAS, LIKE, A LOT OF TOYS

Some representations of Chevy, which earned the body pace car at Norman's estate for a photo shoot, have just packed up. But they leave a track behind, a low-slung, motor-hooped thing, with smacked windows. Norman turns the key and purrs the accelerator and the truck rars to life with startlingly loud ferocity.

Accompany Norman says, slipping a gently into gear.

The white, wooden gates of his estate swing open, and he turns onto the sun-dappled road that runs beside the ocean and out to U.S. 1. It's a mile, it's the way they.

"When I really like to do it, I go out to my club, play a round of golf with my friends, sit around the clubhouse, have a couple of beers," he says as he pulls onto the entrance of the Medal. He slows at the guardhouse, where a white-haired man emerges. His face brightens when he sees Norman. "Hey, Greg!"

"New truck!" Norman yells out the window. The beret-wearing kiki, and he drives on.

Just inside the drive, in a grassy field that will soon be paved and made into a landing area, Norman's Bell helicopter—another sponsorship deal—comes into view. He parks the truck. "This is the old shop," the pilot, Greg Higgins, says. "The new one's bigger." Norman closes it, and later he'll be the one you fire.

We climb aboard, and, with Norman at the controls, the helicopter lifts off. From a hovering perch, Norman surveys the Medal and the surrounding land.

THREE THE MANDATORY RYDER WOODS IS, PART ONE

Greg Norman is sitting in a big, tan leather seat aboard his jet million private jet. He's talking about Tiger Woods, who by the beginning of the year golf season, would surpass Norman as the world rankings, totally atoning the number-one spot, knocking Norman to second.

"I was probably very similar to him in a lot of ways when I was twenty-one," Norman says. "But you don't know what's gonna happen in the next twenty years. And I really don't see a threat from Greg Norman. Different areas, different cadence. That's the beauty of golf—fifty million people are out there, a lot of talent, so it goes around."

Now Tiger's got it. The kid does have seven years' delay that. Only time will tell, though. What matters is where you are twenty years down the line.





"Thirteen hundred acres in all," he says. "Loaded with wildlife. We saw a peewee out there the other day."

Remembering the landing pad, Norman sweeps toward a grove. "You know Frank Clarkman?" he asks, referring to the man who produced CBS's golf coverage for almost fifty years. "That's him down there." On the ground below, a man looks up and thrusts his hand in the air, smiling maniacally.

"Cracy fecks," Norman mutters chuckling. "He's shouting me the best."

eight AND SOME OF HIS TOYS ARE VERY BIG

In addition to the new cottage, Greg Norman is trading in his G4 jet for a customized Boeing 737. His 70-foot boat, *Assis Rebel*, will be replaced by a 250-horsepower motor construction. He denies rumors that he is going to acquire a Harrier jump jet, but in one of his garages are five vintage Ferraris, all in impeccable condition. All of them red. There are no fewer than five Chevy-Tahoes and Subarus. There's a Kolo-Royce, a Harley here and a Harley there and an astounding by beautiful and rare Bentley Asia, midnight blue. Norman says, "I've always been a car person."

THIRD GREG NORMAN DOESN'T CARE IF HE WINS THE MASTERS
"The ad of having about the Masters," Norman says, leaning forward in his seat on the jet. "Every time I go there, the media keeps bringing up the pain of it all. I commented myself, back in Australia, to go in there this April for puka sake, not pain. Tin going to have fun."

TOP TEN MANDATORY TIGER WOODS DID PART TWO
Woods is, of course, Norman's top competitor in the golf-ion category. At best one with a different address and not marginally a different sponsor. "We've got two totally different approaches to life, to our sport," Norman says, smiling and covering his face as if he had a niddle in his nose. "I'd rather be in control of my own destiny, right now, he's not. He's being controlled by Nike and his management company, which is five—his young, he needs that in lots of ways."

At one time Norman was similarly controlled by the International Management Group, the company founded by Mark McCormack, whose first client was another golfer, Arnold Palmer. Unlike Palmer, though, Norman's growth as a global brand didn't take flight until he and his manager, Ben Collins, divorced from the legendary agency.

In the four years since, Great White Shark Enterprises, the company that controls Norman's various business endeavors, has expanded to include the aforementioned concert production, course design, turf (grass, golf courses) such as the Shark Shoozies), a licensing arm, and Norman's produce-and-reduce-outside deals with Cadex, Chevrolet, Catering, and Bell Helicopter, among others. There's plenty enough of the entrepreneur's huge base of income for most big name athletes, may be the least important part of Norman's business.

True story: Greg Norman did in fact spend time alone

in Florida with Bill Clinton. Not true: Monica Lewinsky was there.

eleven GREG NORMAN CAUGHT THE PRESIDENT FIRST
After the 1992 election, Bill Clinton wanted some time off to play golf. He called Norman, and they agreed to meet for a round. Before they played, though, they got acquainted via frequent phone calls. "At the top grew warm," Norman says. "It was like, not just a weekly conversation—it became, like, every other day." Norman invited Clinton to play with him last March in the ocean

berigan tournament at the Medinah. On the night of March 15—the eve of the tournament—Norman met Clinton at the president's helicopter, and they drove together to Norman's estate, pulling into the pale-lit drive around midnight. "I thought he would just want to go straight to bed," Norman recalls. "But no, he wants to go to my trophy room and talk about all the trophies. Then he wants to talk golf. He says he's hungry. I have the cook prepare a salad. He drinks two Diet Cokes. I think that reach of a beer!" Norman says, wincing off a few swallows between thumb and forefinger.

"We were talking about our families, our kids, the family values of America. And I gave him some of my opinions. I told him I had read the Constitution, that I carry the Constitution around with me in my briefcase. Every now and then I go read it. I did him. The Constitution is a little awkward. There are some things that really need to be brought up to the new reformers. We talked about

things like that." And, no, Monica Lewinsky was not there. Finally, at about 1:30 A.M., Clinton decided to turn in. Norman led him out the door toward the carriage house, adjacent to the main residence. "We were talking, and he was looking off at something," Norman says. "After a minute, he catches his right hand on the edge of the last step, and then he goes down. "I catch him, step back from whisking his head on the step. You could hear the whole thing—the cracks in his knee—near away. He falls on my leg, and I've got my arm under his head. He's screaming, 'My knee! My knee! The Secret Service—I took them about eight seconds to appear.' Jesus Christ, I'm thinking, did he have a heart attack? Was he shot? I was worried. He's in pain. He's yelling out, 'My knee! My knee! I'm like 'Get the doctor! He's really in pain!'"

"So now the doctor's there, and they stabilize him. Their first concern was whether he had hurt his neck or his head. He's saying, 'It's my knee! There's something wrong with my knee! I can't straighten my knee!'"

Norman continued to support the president. "Now my leg is starting to hurt me, because this whole load is sitting on me. I can't move, you know. He's not a small guy! My leg is fucking killing me now. The clock is ticking. It feels like I was there for two hours!"

TWELVE AS YOU SEE, GREG NORMAN IS COMPASSIONATE HE IS ALSO REALLY, REALLY MEAN (IN A FUNNY, COMPETITIVE WAY)
Greg Norman doesn't want, or, at least, he hates to see Herb showing anything still. And when he's ready to move, damn it, you better be ready to move with him—fast, because that's the way he likes to move. "It's December 10, and Norman is in the locker room of Ran Mar, due at the first tee in about a half hour. "Chris, what's taking you so fucking long?"

Chris Campbell, a top dog in Norman's course design business, will be carrying the golfer's clubs today—the forty-eight pounds, it's "the heaviest bag on tour," Norman says grudgingly. Before he disappeared into a locker stall, Campbell, a pale, well-fed good of boy, had been talking his own time, lathering up with SPF 30 to avoid being deep-fried by the blistering tropical sun. "Keep your shoes on, Mr. Norman," roars Campbell, emerging from the locker.

"Listen, ask you something, Chris," Norman says, dabbing the air with a towel, warming up. "How fucking long does it take you to get your gear?" Campbell greets it by slipping the strap over his shoulder and making Norman out of the locker room clutch clanking at his side.

By the time they reach the third green, Campbell isn't laughing at all, he's sucking wind. Sweat beads up on his brow which has turned blood-red from tired. Norman shoots him a devious, roared smile. "He loses it," Campbell says, laughing. "He'll talk about this for months—how much I was and shot."

Later, on the 90th at the fourteenth, a 35-year-old par 4, Campbell looks in through the rough on-leave. Norman pulls it a few more into a green-side bunker and charges after it, and Campbell travels behind. "You look like you've had a long, hard night, Chris," Norman says,

standing beside the sand trap. "Man, you look so!" "You don't look so white yourself, Mr. Shark," says Campbell, sweat running down his neck.

True story: Greg Norman spends a lot of time talking about Tiger Woods. Not true: Greg Norman is obsessed with Tiger Woods.

"I'll tell you one fucking thing," Norman says, "I'm not giving you enough to look when you pass out. You look like you're going down—going down, do you see?"

On the next hole, a 550-yard par 5, Norman attacks from his drive (350 yards from the elevated tee) but pulls it on a bunker that runs along the left side of the fairway. Standing beside the trap, waiting for the others to hit, Norman turns Campbell. "Go ahead," he says. "Put the bag in the cart. It's okay, Chris. It's really really hot out here."

"Fuck you," Campbell says. "I won't tell anyone," Norman says. "Go ahead." "Funnamental you!" "No, really, Chris. You're dying!" "Fuck you, Greg!" Norman looks at Campbell, who forces a smile. [Continued on page 14.]



the spring wardrobe

You're losing the "All Lexus, punching buttons on safari Plot, and roving the dunes with real-time quotes. So what's up with that ten-year-old outfit? Hardly appropriate for a millennium man like you. No, what you belong in is this—a modern but still-classic wardrobe of what we think are some of the season's best suits, shirts, raincoats, shoes. . .

photographs by carlton devis

the sport coat

Plot Here's a hat to your sport coat doesn't have to be navy Swain-to-God. In fact, the best modern ones aren't like traditional blazers or tweeds or even those bright-hued country club leases. Maybe simply colored and, at their best, unlined like this one. All of which means they stay as cool as they look in even the hottest weather. Single-breasted, two-button, knee-and-a-half-length jacket (\$1,398) by Giorgio Armani.

the simple shoe

Who else got swept up in the gumball buckled red oxford and polished red split-toed type of shoes that maybe drew a little more attention to your feet than is necessary, especially for a guy who doesn't dance? That's why we like these simply elegant oxfords. They have a particularly sleek, smooth finish for any occasion, a solid foundation for a tuxedo or t-shirt or a suit or anything else in a stylish man's closet. Leather lace-ups (\$100) by Soling, Heligen, Posen.

the new sack suit

You've maybe started buying those sharp-shouldered, ultra-structured, beefy construction suits, and that's a fine thing. Can't imagine a man looking any better, but he can look just as good in a three-button sack suit that fits correct, you know, like a sack like Adam Sandler's. It's an excellent, no-nonsense choice for a man with broad shoulders and no belly to hide (single-breasted, three-button wool suit, \$4,100 by Prada).

the dress shirt

No, it's not as though we just sack up about it, we want to show how light-weight it is, that makes it far better for summer months than the heavy cotton cloth you usually wear. Another thing that makes it better: the special-rib stretch-cotton, a sort of currently popular English style, that Cotton shirt \$240 by Gucci.

the knit crewneck

You buy cut 4 good or more for a suit and you want to wear it. Like really wear it, if you're smart. And not just during office hours with a shirt and tie—but to dinner and on weekends, too. That calls for something like this: heavy knit, long-sleeved crewneck, worn all day with goggles. Go ahead, try it under the suit on page 88 and someone's gonna think you're a man of style. No kidding. Silk-vest cutwaters. Crewneck (137) by Dennis Kune.

the small-pattern silk

There are two kinds of tie guys: the ones who think they're being witty when they knot to worn-out cartoon-character design and the guys who are witty. The latter have Kargone, Sylvester and Tweety for silk, to recover the past couple of years. This season, they're moving on to small patterns. Sable is a solid but with just a little more visual interest. Silk tie (122) by Emporio Armani.

the short raincoat

You do not wear a short raincoat like you when the skies are delivering unto you some kind of breezy and/or "snow" you do wear one, however, when it's early spring, maybe a little cool and breezy, and the rain is no more than a gentle threat. Also when you want to appear mighty vaguely ambiguous. Look, we don't know why either, except it seems women kinda like that.) Single-breasted three-button cotton-blend raincoat (\$450 by Calvin Klein).



the modern leather belt

We like the 60s-60s leather vest for its simple masculine profile. We like the belt because it's a step beyond government issue—a little bolder looking, a little more polished. Another point to its favor: it's got a virtually inexhaustible colorway (stop Corvair's honorable: never wear out, knowing you'll have the belt any longer than the development of that middle-aged married will ever let you wear it. Leather belt with silver buckle (\$100) by Salvatore Ferragamo.



The leather jacket

no check, button pocket and you make, maybe street jacket, other jacket. Not a full guy, and that jacket is right for a certain kind of theater. But not they wear this, just a moment for this talk, well, buckle and straps of an easy jacket. And, as they, it's grown-up and relaxed enough for a casual night out. Leather jacket, \$725 by Polo by Ralph Lauren.

The casual trousers

There's more than a little cut into: worth of stakes walking the streets, cut them, but more an an inspiration as this, cut from silk. They've got a button fly, flapped pockets, and an extension-tail fastener. And most important, they're cut from a medium-weight fabric that they sleep. And make it like what the guy in the next column would ever wear on Fridays. Cotton trousers, \$235 by Polo.



Marry One Who Gets There First

Outtakes
from the
Schidegger-
Krupnik
wedding
album.

By Heidi Julavits

Photo: Gregor Pflaum



PHOTO 13 *Overdue Rose Sheddiges crying at the prenuptial luncheon.*
Joe, her husband, has refused to let her have a second helping of turkey tetrazzini and a salad of coffee. He looks and Rose starts to cry. Without a word, he lays his napkin over his ancient lunch, and leaves the dining room.

"He always makes me leave before I'm ready," Rose whispers to Margie. "Last wedding we went to, I wanted to keep sleeping."

Rose looks desperately down the lodge drive at the two white rats that grow closer and closer together as they roll down the hill. Sheeshow they stink her as dishonest, three two legs pressed onto the earth. She feels they should meet farther apart as they reach for the far-off horizon. She wants to get a better look, knowing that the two rats diverge farther and farther. Her jazz glass over the wide plank floor.

Rose regards the abandoned butters, as if they had expound her.
"I married the wrong man," Rose says to Margie loudly and slowly as if she were hand-of-herding blue Joe. Rose holds Margie's wrist for balance as she steps on the shards of glass with her heel, grinding them onto a sharp, tin discolor stain.

PHOTO 14 *Loose rider Violet dining at the sunset table at the beach house through his bedroom window.*

When did he first know? Certainly not in San Francisco. He and Violet had only just begun to date, and he didn't think he ever knew the lady. After it wasn't real he went to the Sheddiges' summer house on Lake Sheddiges for the Fourth of July week-end and that the next time married into one speared dark haired girl, a bikini strap drifting down her sun shoulders and her legs bound low with a mesh burrito that gave praise and wood warmth. He was looking out the picture window and she was looking in, fiddling with her hair curlers and appearing to be searching for no one but him.

PHOTO 15 *Joe, holding a photograph.*

It's a self-titled portrait of her and Louise in the Eagle's Nest, the small guest shack at Lake Sheddiges hidden from the main house behind a tangle of mud trails. They are both naked beneath a Madison Bay blanket. The light in the cabin was so poor that they face moon out from the shadows of the bunk bed, reader and writer that they must have been on a holiday weekend in July.

She can remember full well whose Violet was—or her friend Susie Mattanz's. Corp's Corps send off party (two years in Bettendorf, an unlikely career choice for someone so committed to big working at Susie). Violet asked her to "keep Louise entertained" because Violet was in blind and stupid as Joe was dark and wise. So there they were, in a shack that smelled of lavender and pine needles and mold, learning to

the water lap wociously at the small stone beach every time a wave struck whitened by Louise found her there with a power that made his ribs ache, that could kill.
It was his idea to take the picture. He was reluctant for the obvious reason, but then his love of personality overrode reason. Or maybe it was because Rose insisted so insistently knowing that he would require this sort of evidence: loose in the world in order to love her. Then he would be able to pronounce it accidentally and spy on a framed snapshot of passion. He could make it his but only if it seemed he was seeing it from a stranger.

PHOTO 16 *Giuseppe by the start of the air listening to occupy white.*
He starts these lights automatically. He wouldn't want to let them, so he looks it's better she doesn't know that much. He looks at the very spot in restaurant in the distance to the recent Indian reservation. Fifteen miles. He feels the folded bill in his pocket thick as a bean and studies himself for the quick burner around the table. It makes him think of the way—youthful perhaps he would just make his sock. Rose on their first date. The best, Jersey Wing, before his romance some Chinese saying about roof tiles. "White ladies like charms," Jersey assured him. It was the first and only time Jersey hadn't cheated the daylight out of him.

PHOTO 17 *Violet wearing her bubble hair set and umbrella, making a call from an outdoor pay phone near the open kitchen window.*
She can smell her very own wedding, just as in a moment stages the ghosts of willing sinners and bowing gale emerging through the greeny screen. She can hear the machine hummer of the summer lodge staff—yesterday, ill-at-ease college students from Massachusetts, Virginia, Vermont—as they gossip about what a the Hope is sleeping with the noble guy so he'll buy her her Norton as his name, a humped owl with a pen in her nostril, dandruff so that of his equine charges. She can help but pick up the undertones of cry and admiration they feel for Hope the Star, and possibly knowing that she alone some of her women women's beauty with—Schick, Westman's. Old Milwaukee.

Violet ignores herself making a few tiny marks into the kitchen for these men, thirty kids in six-o'clock shirts and T-shirts, but then she stops herself. She is so angry god mother Violet has made a life out of knowing others' secrets and desires. She likes to be able to look through people and interpret their promises and boyfriends as the staged, fullhearted things that they are. If she can't control the way people desire her, at least she can comfort herself with the knowledge that she has spied on what lives in their hearts.

PHOTO 18 *Loose, burning his nose, reaches into the back pocket and pulls out an envelope.*

Of course Louise loved them. To his credit, his father was half smart about finding the cream. Her teacher discovered these anyway after Bill died, tucked in his leather-covered ledger. The ferns whirled rose behind them. The woman wore a red dress and a mark note that had once belonged to his but she never knew just how noticeable to his mother. Looking at the photos, Louise couldn't decide which daughter him more—the fact that his father was actually a cheating, lying bastard or that he was so damned cheap to buy the poor girl her own face. Then he realized what bothered him most was how rarely he saw the photo of his father's mistress was to that of the

Girl of his Dreams and how damnably his current situation with Jane and Violet Sheddiges mirrored that of his father.
He closed the ledger, feeling ill. As he left the office, he was unable to shake the echoes of his father's business matters from his head.

"Give a man someone to buy," his father had always told him. "Two for the price of one, boy. Two for the price of one."

PHOTO 19 *Joe in the ledge kitchen, contemplating a coldfish on the wall.*

If only Jane had been a fly on the wall, or even a cockroach, for that matter, just to know what had transpired to make Louise mad but that Dear Jane letter on his signature was stationary.

"Get rid of my letters," his first mistress demanded. "Shed them. Burn them. I don't care. Just get rid of them."
Jane looked at the wedding cake, baking on a silver tray in all its folly splendour and smiles.

Such a good girl for a change. She has done exactly as he requested.

PHOTO 20 *Loose, from a man's envelope search in his room at the Lakeside Inn, the dining-room mirror.*

The watch was given to his father by his mother on their wedding day. It is gold with a bracelet band. Stud stopped wearing it because it gave him a rash, so his mother wore it instead. She wore it until the day before she died, when Louise visited her at the hospital.

"Get out!" she screamed, barking the watch at him. It hit the wall next to his head, the crystal crackling like a delicate bone.

"Mother, it's Loose," Louise said. She thought he was his dead father. It made him wince.
"The one, the one, you were the one that!" idly spit at him, but the nurse landed on her chin, making a dark stain on her blue-paper hospital robe.

Loose put the broken watch in his coat and closed the door behind him.

He sat on a park bench across from the hospital and watched the pigeon feed its old peasant balls. As he transpired for the watch on his pocket, a shard of glass cut him. He reached his finger as he flipped the watch over with his free hand. TO RUN OUT OF AN ORANGE, the inscription read. USA 12/10/60.

What a fucking trap, he thought. He reached into his pocket for the Girl of his Dreams, but on tearing her to shreds, but found he had left the photo in another coat.

Suddenly, he felt the glass wiggle free of his wound along with a sweet sting of blood. Without thinking twice, he swallowed the shard, feeling it scrape past his throat, his lungs, lodging, finally, somewhere near his heart.

PHOTO 21 *Jane and Susie Mattanz, wearing their matching braided-chair cloth napkins as they apply their lipstick in the washrooms.*

Jane, making small talk, told Susie how long ago she retired from Bettendorf, Susie bow-ticked, chirping that she'd been born in Atlanta for the past three years as a buyer for a southern department store chain called Brink's. Susie (Susie, now) has embraced the South completely, fading it to be a far more relaxed conscience. Bene the dusky air elegant

in Atlanta, she will later tell Rose as he undresses her at the EZ Sleep Motel. Rose will not be able to get a zip, and Susie will be unable to be serious, asked, beside her. She will feel strongly proud of herself, as if she'd beaten him at a game western arena surprised to win, like one-on-one basketball. From the noise of their love together, Susie's love for her former husband, Rose Sheddiges, is insistently linked with pity, as well as a heady belief of superiority.

PHOTO 22 *Violet at the pay phone, wearing her wedding dress, her hair still in curlers.*

Maybe it was teenage.
Maybe it was the hotel's trapped them together in the Eagle's Nest, she wouldn't have coaxed the sort of proud, spurned reverence that is so attractive to certain kinds of a man, man content of a splash both carnivorous and animal.
His name was Shave, a perfectly bushy, edifying name for a man whose life was centered to adoring her.



could never have. She began spending one night a week, then two, then three, sitting in one of Shave's cracked French-chair armchairs, listening to Frank Sinatra recordings and drinking the fire, pink West Indian rum. Shave poured into her tumbler. She was intrigued by a certain steady quality in him, an unusual goodness always veiling on passivity.

She led to Louise, telling her she'd picked up a private tutorial at Orem. Shave insisted on paying her to offset his tuition. Maybe that's why she let him touch her the way she did. He had a signet ring that he liked to press over her eyelids, brushing her with his thumb so that his ownership would be clear every time she blinked.

Returning to Louise on the river, she would finger the twenties Shave gave her and not feel the slightest twinge of

gift. Rather she reasoned she was developing her own secrets, her own demons, her own delusions, that she was no longer the obvious blond optimist, the girl with her heart on her sleeve, the girl who cheerily urged people to use words like *upper* instead of *lower*. The girl too stupid to know the thrill one can get from despair.

Photo 23 *Loan and Jane arguing behind the knee tables before the cemetery.*

Jane, paralyzed, has just told Loan that Susie Mizant never went to Boston.

"Violet burned us," Jane says.
Loan feels not so much guilty as foolish. She's beaten him at his own game. The thought of being watched is something he's never in his life considered happening to him. He finds it goes him a sliver of something he can't name—something excitement, he isn't sure.

Jane looks at him all slow-eyed, putting her evening bag Louis gave the bag and pushes a rough hand into his silky interior. He pulls out the photo of the two of them at the Eagle's Nest.

"How dare you," he hisses, shaking the photograph in her face.

She tries to snatch it back from him but he holds it high over his head, ripping it into tiny pieces.

The sun shines through her gauzy dress and he can see everything about her. He throws her away from him, disgusted. Just like every other fading woman, he mistakes as himself as he heads back to the lodge. It's not that Loan knows' like Susie. He's just disgusted with Jane for advertising herself as something different.

Not like Violet, he finds himself shivering proudly as he makes back to the chapel to be married. All along, Violet had him believing she was just another girl when actually she was a soul cut from the same desecrated cloth.

Photo 24 *Violet stands at the pay phone with the record blowing her soul over her face.*

Again, the answering machine picks up, the man's voice weaves through late strains of Sinatra. "I'm not in right now, but I'll give you some real number."

Violet starts to speak but then goes silent. Instead she holds the receiver out toward the Southwest Bungalows so that she can record for Shane the night carding around the snow-capped peaks, the knowing late afternoon sunlight, the way she feels these moments before she exchanges her wedding vows. And how does she feel? She isn't sure precisely but a part of her believes she must find meaning in the fact that Shane was not home to comfort her, that she has been pushed to do the right thing despite the secret lives she and Loan lead. As she hangs up the phone, she feels champagne-bubbles, as if the mosquitoes and the air are crashing in on her like a great explosion of possibility, shoving into the motion, clear testimony of her life.

Photo 25 *Jane, crying behind the tables, rubs a hole in the couch with the heel of her silk sandal.*

When the hole is deep enough, she fills it with the zoom pieces of the photograph, then pushes the dirt back with her toe. She scrubs the earth down. Tump, tump, tump. As a child she took clapping lessons and she steps back to her new. One-two-three, one-two-three. tump-tump-tump, tump-tump-tump.

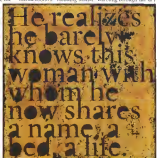
tump, tump-tump-tump.

Hands on her hips she digs around in the front of the tables but stops when she sees Loan leaving against the side wall. He motions to her to come toward him quietly. He puts his hands on her shoulders and starts his morning harassment against her back. They are looking through a large hole in the wall, staring at a man in a cowboy hat with two pairs around his boots, stroking his enormous beard with a dusty hand. He stands over a young girl lying naked on a horse blanket, Texas on her raised feet. He regards her with eyes that are as wide and blank as a horse's.

Jane feels Loan start to swell against her garter behind. He hugs her tight as if she were anything—a blanket, a pillow, just something to hold on to—as he coarsens, with great, silent sobs, as cry.

Photo 26 *Loan jostles spots Jane's handbag by the fireplace.*

He is just about to walk to the chapel, located in the middle of a field behind the lodge. He can hear the strains of Minnie Loukin's "Wildling March" working through the dry



grasses. Suddenly he reaches into his suit pocket. No one sees him stuff the envelope of photos inside Jane's forgotten handbag. No one sees the relief he seems to feel afterward, as if he had just buried a long-sick relative.

Photo 27 *Violet adjusts her garter beneath the chapel door's rough-hewn lintel.*

She can see Loan in the altar, watching her with astonishment as if she were a statue that had just stepped off its pedestal. He looks at her and she knows, at a glance, that he knows she knows. A shiver goes through her. She enters the chapel.

Photo 28 *Hype, walking up from the altar, looking her new leg full.*

She smells the stink of her elbow, because that's where a person smokes if one if they're going to [continued on page 143]

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Working Stiffs

Death is sometimes ugly, it's often cruel, and it almost always smells like hell. But for the men and women who work inside the Maricopa County Medical Examiner's Office, death is something more: It's a living.

BY DAVID SEDARIS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK AUGUSTERACHILLWISSE

Dr. Charles Hering, a forensic pathologist, weighs and samples the placental tissue of a newborn corpse.



An exhausted nurse checks the decedent's vital signs with prying cheeks and blue lips.

em by the smell of something they can't quite put their finger on. The doors close and the woman continues alone to the fourth floor, still conscious now and wishing she did not have to show after her last procedure. The stench of that closing young woman's perfume clings to her hair's slight, but not enough to clear the elevator.

Following her scheduled hearing, the woman returns to her workstation, a single story brick building on the south western edge of downtown Phoenix. It looks like the sort of office one might visit to renew a driver's license or even buy a venereal disease. The sign on the front door is small, no larger than a memo—anything louder would only attract attention or inspire fear. The public is either fascinated or repelled by this place, but this woman, a forensic pathologist, and her busy-two coworkers at the Maricopa County Medical Examiner's Office just can't imagine what all the fuss is about.

EXHAUSTION OVERCAME? SITS DOWN THE POPS!

She hopes to launch before a gas fit. "Medical Examiner's Office, how may I help you?" Her nose is bright and efficient. "Can you give me the last name of the decedent?" The nurse being common in this, the sixth largest county in the United States, the computer produces eight possible matches. She asks for a last name and then frantically into the receiver. "I'm not finding anyone listed under Mr. Mitchell. Can you give me something other than a nickname?" The caller is put on hold as Cindy answers the other line. An insurance agent requests the results of a recent autopsy and she sits on hold as she fields yet another call from someone asking to speak with Myra Means. "My husband, you, that's very funny," Cindy says in a voice so cold it could freeze her lips. "I'll have to remember that." She takes a yank of hair behind her ear, readjusts the receiver, and presses on to the next call.

The small, cramped waiting room Cindy oversees is

decorated with framed portraits of former chief medical examiners Daniel J. Condon, Thomas Jerva, and Heinz Karsenshagen. Just inside the front door is a sign reading, **NO WEAPONS OF ANY KIND ALLOWED IN THIS BUILDING.** This is Arizona, where you can carry a weapon into a restaurant or a movie theater but are required to check your gun when the person you are visiting has already been shot to death by someone else. There is a pointed hospitalite, but there are no Kleenex, as the office tries to discourage lively members from visiting.

Inside Cindy's phone sits the daily rool, which includes stacks of slides that are taken of each crime scene and autopsy. Waiting to be cataloged are pictures of a dismembered Jane Doe and a widower hanging from a ceiling fan, his tongue hard and black. Because the film is set off to a commercial lab for development, the finished slides return to bright yellow envelopes that read, **MEMORIES, MEMORIES, MEMORIES, REMEMBERED MOMENTS.**

During brief periods of quiet, Cindy reorganizes the case files piled on the table beside her desk. Each file contains a photo of the decedent, a death certificate, the results of various tests run on the blood and sampled organs, and, if necessary, a crime-scene report. Cindy notes the presence of identifying scars and tattoos, both hidden, and looks forward because the Medical Examiner's Office is a county institution, anyone can, for a small fee, receive copies of a case file. Just as the office tries to discourage lively members from visiting, it also discourages them from ordering copies of the photographs.

Cindy is reliving a recent investigation when she is visited by Dr. Alan Buchholz, a forensic pathologist, who has popped by to show her the headless, hand-shaped key chain he was loaned for a school project.

At the opposite end of the building, Dr. Julie Brown begins an autopsy on a seventy-three-year-old man found at the bottom of a six-story building. Four days dead, even at good refrigeration, it seems to struggle to render the man virtually unrecognizable to those who knew and loved him. His flesh has turned mossy green, black purge seeps from his nose and mouth, and his tissues have swollen to the size of a conchopleg. Dark-purple veins marble his chest, and the skin has begun to separate from his hands and feet, giving the illusion that he is wearing socks and gloves complete with finger- and toenail-sets.

Although he is definitely not easy on the eyes, the sight of this man cannot compare to his overwhelming bouquet. This is the odor of every rotting thing a living person might call to mind. It's the smell of dirty hair and rusty socks, of brown lines and voices smeared upon a mangle-smeared pork chop discovered two feet beneath a picnic table. It's the stench of Pampers, chaise, damp paper, rotten eggs, and the stench of a public phone, all of it combined and clarified until your throat closes up and your stomach seriously considers rethinking its contents. An Merman, the attending forensic

photography details of some incidents have been changed.

assistant defines it as "the smell of job security." Hearing his words, he cuts into the man's body. The raised, disengaged bowel is exposed and the odor multiplies. No single room can contain such a force, and the stench is quickly broadcast throughout the building.

Back in reception, Dr. Buchholz is describing her son's coin collection when Cindy casually reaches for a can of air freshener. "This," she says of the rising severity three years old, "is the kind of smell that will linger." The room fills with the scent of an old lemon as the two women discuss the possibility that Dr. Buchholz's son may grow up to be a banker.

STARTED BESIDE THE AUTOPSY BATH SA narrow chamber affectionately referred to as the "perfumery box." One wall is lined with a counter, and a large window affords an excellent view of the doctor and assistants practicing their craft on the bodies of former taxpayers. It is not uncommon for head-uptight B. J. Eiles to cut her lunch here, as the room is well air conditioned and the sight of a flayed cadaver has long since ceased to disturb her. It was here that B. J. identified the body of her slain brother. "Somebody had to do it, and being in my office is right down the hall, I figured that somebody might as well be me."

When friends die, B. J. checks the day's autopsy schedule and views the body from the pathology box. "Oh, look," she says, tapping her long fingernails against the glass. "There's Jerry—a man from my church." B. J. is pleased to discover that her friend's corpse has been assigned to Dr. Charles Harvey, a man noted for his attention to detail. "Oh, that's nice," she whispers. "I'm so glad he got Dr. Harvey." She says it although following the many autopsy procedures her friend might in color and perhaps remain his presence as a church deacon.

AT SIX O'CLOCK NEARBY THE SAME TIME THAT ONYX OUPHANG finishes her shift and steps out into the parking lot for a cigarette, a fourteen-year-old boy in the neighboring town of Mesa engages in an argument with his parents. The conflict centers on the young man's smoking and recent suspension from his junior high school. "The police report will state that following the argument, the parents visited a local psychiatric institution to 'soak down' while, in their absence, the boy remained in his bedroom and sat himself at the head with a Keremington job title. The attending coroner's assistant will prepare a summary reading. "Examination of the deceased reveals his head to be void of any facial features."

Twenty-five-year-old companion Susan Piffick is used to calling the body and claims it as property of the Medical Ex-



With the decedent's shirt resting on her chest, the face is pulled down and the skullcap is removed. When the body is lifted from its cot, it produces a sickly sound not unlike a floppy disk's goodbye.

aminer's Office. Upon entering the bedroom, he finds the young man sprawled chest-up on the silver-colored carpet. His partially buttoned black jeans have like a science project. The crime scene photos will show an outside bed and huge floor-to-ceiling curtains smothered with blood and chips of steel. Upon the outside bed is a staffed cotmattress and several small mattresses also smothered with blood. Bruns retrieves the brain and places it into a zip-locked storage bag. A second bag is used to accommodate the scattered skull fragments and a third to hold the boy's left eyeball, which is found wedged into the space between the carpet and the underside of the bed's bottom door. The eye, brain, and skull bag remain in place alongside the dislodged and exposed set of the heavy-duty body bags reserved for the bloodier cases.

The miracle occurs at 8:30 pm, and Bruns is called sharply after dark. The assignment is something of an inconvenience, as he'd hoped to check out a few minutes early. He had planned to spend his evening at a pro-Mormon party where he and his girlfriend would discuss themselves and enjoy the company of friends instead, due to the mess and the long truck for the young man's eye. Bruns will not re-

turn home and close to midnight, by which time his girlfriend will have developed a headache and gone to bed.

ONCE THE FOURTEEN-YEAR OLD is washed, the gummy carpeting his bagged corpse is parked alongside the bodies of seven non-officers in the main cooler. The temperature inside the cooler is like that of a restaurant refrigerator, and the walls are lined with shelves packed tight with the spoutless jars of former clothes. The neat rows of heart, liver, brain, kidney, lung, and thyroid have settled in their foam-kiddey beds, giving the room the appearance of a farm walk-in freezer, still stocked with soap at the threat of an unsavory winter.

Refrigeration doesn't halt decomposition, it only slows it down. If a body enters the cooler smelling bad, chemistry dictates that it will continue smelling even worse. On a busy Monday, the officer may heat as many as twenty-seven corpses—and every time the cooler door is yanked open, the heavy scent of death flows into the small office shared by those who sit waiting for their next call.

CRIME-SCENE INVESTIGATOR VINNY COMO WORKS THE NIGHT SHIFT and spends his evenings in the company of two transients. When a college student leaps from the roof of a parking garage, Vinny photographs the broken body and takes notes for a written summary that the doctors will refer to when conducting their autopsy. As a rule, these reports are written in a cold, clinical style, bereft of emotion and metaphor in detail. Vinny notes that the dissection was conducted on his back with one leg tucked beneath him, the left hand pinned south, and the right hand tucked beneath his buttocks. He measures the gash on the back of the forehead and observes that the student's eyes were rimmed with blood. The plain language of his summary suggests that such a sight is common and of interest only in regard to the relationship of the body to its immediate surroundings.

A native of the Bronx, Vinny draws a few moments of attention in Phoenix. During times of crisis his voice brings comfort to those who watch a life of television and exotic live action with a certain worldly weary understanding of the criminal mind.

At 1:00 a.m. on a slow Wednesday, Vinny offers to review a few cases of an obscure application, a cautious form of ac-



In a secondary forensic science laboratory, traces are saved for further study by visiting forensic pathologists.

cidental death in which a man strangles himself while masturbating in order to increase the pleasure of ejaculation.

One of Vinny's files recounts a fellow discovered in his home-made denigrator. Though one would never expect it, on churning the deer deer's tongue chamber, as it appears in the photos, was comfortably decorated, the black wall hung with framed pictures of traffic cops and telephone linemen. Flanked by a strange odor, neighbors called the police, who found the man, three days dead, with his teeth clamped on his own's tail of a laminated box.

Having gone twelve minutes without a cigarette, Vinny steps out onto the smoldering patio and sits down beneath the soda machine. A clear-bank fence shields him from the vigorous shuffling towed carcases burning beneath the neighboring overpass. Equally important, the fence also separates him from growing frenzy of a murdered relative. "They're upset, and I can understand that," Vinny says. "But we don't want anyone coming in here and destroying evidence by throwing themselves on top of a body. They've got wild guesses but still, I'm not at liberty to stand here and sit someone that their brother is missing his head. That's not what I do, that's not my job."

He sits across with his capstone, and the calls a message of a young woman who drives up and approaches the gate, requesting a tow. "How?" she begs. "You got a federal agent in the car, and we thought it might be best to look around."

Vinny asks what kind of federal agent wants to visit the Medical Examiner's Office in the middle of the night and the woman starts in her car as if given a few moments to think about it, the Ford Taurus might come up with a convincing story. He denies her request, knowing that the so-called federal agent is, at best, a letter carrier. As she drives away, Vinny studies her tail lights and says, "Now, that is sick."

HAVING SPENT A NIGHT IN THE COOLER, the body of the fourteen-year old suicide victim is given a close-up view and assigned to Dr. Mary Dudley, one of the office's seven forensic pathologists. A slim, compassionate woman with shoulder-length auburn hair, Dr. Dudley always starts at a point to dress up for work. Upon arriving at the office, she changes from her knee-

length skirt and matching short-sleeved jacket into a pair of men's gray surgical scrubs worn beneath a disposable Tyvek coverall known as a "bunny suit." Arizona health laws require that the coveralls be donned and that it is no longer recognizable. A hair bonnet, mask, and plastic goggles obscure her face. Bonnet covers her shoes, and the protruding hair bands with two pairs of rubber gloves. When walking in full uniform, the slight, energetic woman sounds not unlike an overcast flighty bag filled with water vapor.

The fourteen-year-old decedent, now known as case name IBC MC 92, is wheeled from the cooler into the autopsy room, where Ann Martinez and Mark Charlton, the two forensic assistants, proceed to unmask the body. The young man is balding, wearing a pair of tan corduroy shorts and a T-shirt that reads:

THE THREE STAGES OF TRIGLIA

1. STAGES—IT'S A SIGH

2. STAGES—IT'S A SIGH

3. STAGES—IT'S A SIGH

4. STAGES—IT'S A SIGH

5. STAGES—IT'S A SIGH

6. STAGES—IT'S A SIGH

7. STAGES—IT'S A SIGH

It is noted that the third stage might need some looking into. Dr. Dudley inspects the case file and steps away from the autopsy table for a moment to consult transients Fred Wilson, whose German shepherd, Sheela, was recently found dead in her backyard pen.

Chief pathologist Dr. Philip Dudley searches for answers in the details of thirty-five-year-old unemployed alcoholic who was found lying on the bottom of an embankment.



"I examined her for bullet wounds and evidence of fire play," Fred says, "and decided I just couldn't handle a complete autopsy. I just couldn't do it." Only last week, Dr. Dudley's colleague, Marty, was forced to surrender fifteen weeks, and while she's concerned for her own dog's health, she realizes that death takes priority over game disease.

As Dr. Dudley crosses her fingers, Ann and Mark begin the job of photographing the decedent before any corresponding trig case number. The task is difficult, seeing as how the boy held the rifle barrel to his chin. The blast destroyed the frame and top of his skull, dividing his face in half and leaving his features powerless and motionless. While Mark holds the camera, Ann attempts to join together the ruined face and present it as whole. He fishes around gently for the nose and holds it as best he can against the ridiculous soap of cheek connected to the left ear. The second eye is removed from its eye socket bag, but even when it's held up against an eyelid plate, the face still fails to register.

Following the brief coronal examination, Dr. Dudley strips the bag of skull fragments onto the young man's pole chest. Pacing the strands together makes for a puzzle, she is able to determine the bullet's trajectory from the point of entry to the counter-size exit wound at the center of his crown. There's no point in opening the deer deer's chest to examine his organs, as the cause of death is apparent.

EVER WHEN CLEAN AND EMPTY, THE AUTOPSY SUITE across the sharp, sweet smell of human decay. Visiting detectives sometimes apply a mistletoe of Vicksal, but the building's employees are used to the pungent muck. "The good thing about the smell," Ann Martinez says, "is that you can catch a big Mexican lizard and feel free to let yourself sily. Cover up the sound and who's to know?"

The room is equipped to handle two bodies at a time. While this benefits the pathologist, it leaves the visitor with no hope of visual escape. If, say, the woman on table one is having her fist measured, it's unlikely that you'll find much relief by looking over at table two, where Ann is in the process of unmasking a car accident victim. He remains the static and motionless with one, but the dead grows more difficult, as the dead man's arms have stiffened, the right hand positioned as if to propose a toast. His pockets are emptied, and it is noted that at the time of death, he carried nothing but twenty-three cents and two unexpired LifeSavers. Dr. Dudley assumes that the man's face, the starting wheel, as his mouth is a toothless gash outlined in a brown of blackened, dried blood. His head is swollen and discolored, positioned upon his muscular neck like a round-rod jacked-up lesion.

Should the visitor find it unsettling to look into the dead man's vacant, open eye, he can turn back to table one, where Dr. Charles Harvey uses both bloody hands to scrape his patient's huge, glaucous liver.

Back on table two, Ann prepares to dissect behind the accident victim. Using a scalpel, he begins his T-shaped incision, cutting from

IT IS A SAD FACT THAT OUR PETS ARE NOT AS FAITHFUL AS WE BELIEVE THEM TO BE LEFT ALONE WITH YOUR DEAD BODY, THE DOG OR CAT USUALLY BEGINS WITH THE SOFT AREAS OF YOUR FACE.

shoulder to shoulder and meeting in a V at the top of the sternum. The rest cut runs down the length of the abdomen, stopping at each or two beneath the navel. The or so it then opened much like a sport coat—a sport coat lined with meat. It's a dismal sight, but closing your eyes provides little comfort, as you can still hear the soft crunch of skull fall over fingers as they are massaged and sometimes broken in order to produce a decent set of prints. There's the slip of a lab coat lining a stark blue wall and the clear strip of coronium peeling sheets (ten dollars at the local True Value) slipping through a job gap.

It's a rough call, but all of the notes flowing from the autopsy note, the most alarming tend to come from the blooded clock radio perched upon the supply cabinet. The station is changed every so often according to the taker and level of the pathologist. A San Quinto "mor" set is repeated, and the track is turned in a few feet station. The radio is needed because it welcomes in the outside world. The disc jockey is sure that, although traffic is backed upon the expressway, you are all still living in a reasonable society.

Easy signs of feet love as the man on table two bids farewell to his brain. Lifting the fellow's head, Art slices the back of the scalp from ear to ear, then works down the face in much the same way a person pulls down a pair of pants. The gesture is casual and transitory. "My only problem is cutting through the skull," he says. "We just got a new saw and for some reason, I still don't have a handle on it."

Art runs through the bloody scalp cap in order to expose the brain, which was crumpled over the nasal body. A pair, heavy-colored loaf of former thought and opinion, the brain hangs—on well it should. This is, after all, what encouraged its thirty-four-year-old host to race down the interstate with a high blood alcohol level and nothing but twenty-three eggs and two Lifesavers in his pocket. It's disappointing to learn that aside from the blood and bruising of trauma, the brain of an eyeball looks no different from that of a pensive with 100 and not covered on his forehead. For or not, the muggos concerning the genes brain will grow up no matter that their distant cousins fixating upon the road or at tables.

The scalp is removed, Art hands his pen to Dr. Dudley who carries it into next, then slices, saving a dime into a plastic bag along with the other organs, and the entire sack is stuffed back into the man's empty chest.

Then it's time for lunch.

LATE IN THE AFTERNOON AROUND 4:00 A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE SHOWN funeral home arrives to collect the remains of the fourteen-year-old suicide victim. At this time of day, the building assumes a relaxed feel. The pathologists have finished their cases, the histologists and toxicologists near the end of their stides and those assistants not busy doing their film gravure toward the break room or step outdoors to enjoy the comparatively fresh air.

Having finished her three-assistant and the unusual observation of the suicide victim, Dr. Dudley removes her bunny suit and scrubs, steps back into her street clothes, and makes her way through a series of tunnels and hallways to the county courthouse, where she takes a seat beside the courtroom and waits to testify in a murder case she handled two years earlier.

As she sits reviewing the case file, the mother of the victim takes the stand dressed in one of her thousand-a-Madey Mouse T-shirts. "Melissa in the room where she was lying and she told me, 'I just shot Dave,'" the woman says. "Then I ran to the garage and saw her there on the floor, all bloody with her hands tucked under each hand. If I ever had a car and was used to call the police, but the phone died. I don't know. The phone died, and then it worked and I called the police."

Called as a witness for the prosecution, Dr. Dudley has served at the courthouse with color photographs showing the victim's parietal bone lying in a station-and pan and the open bullet lodged in the spiral column. To her, the

photos are technical documents, reflecting the findings of a standard procedure. To the uninitiated, however, these pictures would transform the victim from dead to speeded, and the defense attorney fights the admission of the photographs on the grounds that the jury will find them "amazing." The judge agrees, citing them "much too graphic." It speaks of the photos in the same language one might apply to pornography, and his tone of voice suggests that Dr. Dudley must take a certain pleasure in comparing the beams and needs of those gathered in his courtroom.

The pictures rejected, the jury is instead presented with a benign poster-size drawing of a male body, devoid of genitalia. A small star sketched upon the chest indicates the entrance wound, and, when the time comes, Dr. Dudley winds up holding a wooden pointer against the skylight set of the prosecutor in order to suggest the bullet's trajectory. The jury members nod their heads, lighting to keep their eyes open, and the witness in the Mickey Mouse T-shirt steps outside for a cigarette.

When called to testify, Dr. Dudley politely relates the findings of her autopsy. The defense attorney then begins his cross-examination. "Isn't it a fact, Doctor, that your report

identifies the victim as standing seventy-four inches tall?"

"No, sir, it does."
"And that amounts to six feet two inches, if I am not mistaken. Am I mistaken, Dr. Dudley?"
"No, sir, you are not."

"Well, then, isn't it funny isn't it curious and strange, that the victim's driver's license listed him as seventy-two inches, or six feet even? What did he grow two inches in that order of years?"

"No, sir, he did not."

Dr. Dudley tries to describe the difficulty of measuring a corpse, with its legs hauled at grotesque and inconceivable angles. While she speaks, the witness was no doubt measured standing up—but dead and lying on his back in full rigor mortis, the process is more complicated.

"That's all very interesting," the defense attorney says. "But if you were wrong about the victim's height, maybe, just maybe you were wrong about a lot of other things as well."

This is a moment of disgrace for Dr. Dudley, who stood over the victim's body for three and a half hours, painstakingly asking the bullet and noting its path of destruction. The attending assistant may have miscalculated the victim's height, but the fact is that six feet even or six feet two, the man is still, with no uncertainty, dead from a gunshot wound to the heart—and she's got the pictures to prove it.



Transporter Brian Phillips in front of the state coroner, which they held in view as they were looking at a body they

"No further questions," the defense attorney says, and Dr. Dudley begins her walk back to work.

"SOME TIMES YOU'LL BE FINGERPRINTING A DECOMPOSED BODY AND THEIR ARM WILL JUST COME OFF," VINNY SAYS. "IT'S NOT THE NICEST WAY TO START YOUR EVENING, BUT HEY, THESE THINGS HAPPEN."

SIXTY-FIVE HOURS AFTER HE SHOT HIMSELF IN THE HEAD, THE fourteen-year-old boy's cremated remains are delivered for the scheduled memorial service. The substance, already in an airtight a covered in heavy, single-story buildings, faced with better colored masonry.

Fifteen hundred people attend the service, many of whom were classmates of the young man and are experiencing their first hours loss. It is inconceivable that they tried to give forever, and they sign the memorial album in much the same way one would autograph a school yearbook, writing "Pete on this?" and "We had a really great time together in second-period English!"

Most of the private high school girls in attendance from their velvet corded dresses with platform shoes and gold ankle bracelets. A few of the boys wear coats and ties, but the majority are dressed in long, baggy jeans and T-shirts advertising a popular brand or athletic shoe manufacturer. Accompanied by an acoustic guitar, the crowd member cheer sings "On Eagles Wings," and the process towards the assembled that death and darkness do not have the final word.

ON THE MORNING OF MICKEY'S FUNERAL, DR. DUDLEY IS assigned the case of a twenty-eight-year-old drug addict who went to bed complaining of a headache and was discovered dead by his grandmother a full day later. Her colleague, Dr. Susan Confort, uses the adjacent table to autopsy a middle-aged driver who passed out on a Dunlop and was transported to death. Transporter Ben Pfeiffer is sent out to collect the body of a sixty-year-old woman killed by a school bus that jumped the curb and charged through the plate glass window of her small hamburger stand. Art Martinez sees Dr. Confort through her new case before missing Dr. Mark Puchner in an unrecognizable gray related triple homicide.

Following her morning autopsies Dr. Confort spends several hours on the sidewalk, trying to buy more time with the manager of an elderly woman found draped and rotting in the desert. Case number MC 813 was missing long pants, so there's still a hole something left of her legs, which teem with great populations of maggots and beetles. Her dainty hands have blackened and mummified. No longer attached to his arms, the hands lie in the body bag, alongside her spinal column a half dozen ribs, her skull, and a bag of gray hair clinging to a ragged patch of scalp.

The woman has been positively identified, but Dr. Confort has yet to determine the cause and manner of death. She will, as a matter of course, order osteology reports on the remains, which will include the presence of certain anomalies in the body of her bones. She will study the skull and ribs for Marfan disease, but in order to get a clearer view, she'll first need to look [continued on page 142]

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the male animal

EDITED BY ANITA LECHEK



The Lost Boys

By Martin Dugard

Chris Holt selected outdoor magazines the way some guys collect strobe lights. His best friend, Mark Ivan, shared the passion. So when twenty-one-year-old Chris and twenty-year-old Mark lashed mountain bikes to Chris's '78 Corvair and lit out from Iowa for parts west (arms like delphinium, evergreen, and hypoleuca were familiar. Not as familiar as they would become, unfortunately.

They arrived in Moab Utah, on August 4, 1987. Its blackrock outcrops and mountain biking trails were the temperature was 100. Mark and Chris, tall guys in superb physical condition, had seen Moab only in glossy legends. It was hotter and more open-

than they'd imagined. After parking the bus at Club Jensen a mile north of town, they caught the Coy. The plan was a three-hour warm-up ride. Nothing big. So back in town for Mexican food by dinner, then do the whole thing again tomorrow. Mark and Chris each carried two water bottles and a large pack

with energy bars. They were taking shorts, T-shirts, bandanas, helmets, and rigid steel-bike shoes.

It wasn't three days that they got lost. Some yahoos bought a hydraulic hose from a trail nutter. Instead of going right, down to the entry of Highway 128, the town loop, at Grand County beach and because well far more later to Mark and Chris, took a left turn into a maze of duffs and canyon knowers ▶

I HEAR AMERICA STAMPEDING

- How do you know when they've started stampeding?
- How do you know when they've stopped stampeding?
- How do you know when they've started stampeding again?
- How do you know when they've stopped stampeding again?
- How do you know when they've started stampeding again?
- How do you know when they've stopped stampeding again?

benefits of leaving rivers awaiting you. If you miss, it's something oriented high up in a tree: then walk out from the tree in a spiral pattern. The tree will always be a reference point to keep you from wandering aimlessly. Also, remember to avoid fallacies: Moss doesn't grow only on the north sides of trees, and not all water runs downhill to the eastward. Some water runs downhill to a three-headed foot waterfall!

Your body will be losing heat through conduction, evaporation, radiation, and convection. So think about either fueling your evolving muscles and the loss of heat as options. Or wrap yourself in the bear's bag and fish for a load of pine boughs under and above you while it gets cold. Make a fire. Burn a whole tree if you have to. Apogee is the Bear-Clack later.

Water will become your primary concern quickly enough. If you're lost inside a stream, avoid the drink at all cost mentally. (Much better to drink bad water and suffer a case of giardiasis than to drink no water and die from dehydration.) If you



need to survive on, always take water with you; the water bottles, canteens, or even the hot-off-the-stove of a man-jacket to carry it. To that garbage bag over a pine-tree branch for an hour. You'll be amazed at the water a tree gives off. Or, when things get really bad, fish manure from socks and gaiters and leeches.

"Never die," Kilbert says. "don't believe you can buy your way into survival!" ▶

Wilderness Prep

Most of us go steady for a wilderness trip by slipping on a Patagonia vest and loading through the EKI unrolling. If you took one of the courses listed here, you'd actually be prepared for what might befall you.

Aboriginal Living Skills School
Powell, Arizona
505-778-0941

Cody Leland teaches "primitive arts"—foraging, land-use, and fire-building—along with more modern tools. Because Arizona has the different ecological zones and terrain practices that our season-by-degree in a single day he often teaches on both desert survival and winter camping. He also gives you custom-made expeditions. Like Tracy Mearns Leland's before-and-after photos: do you know how to use a baggie you found flapping on a piece of barbed wire? It might just save your life. Courses last two to 10 days, days are self-paced. Live, food, and sleep at \$250.

Wildfire Outdoors Survival School
Boulder, Colorado
800-422-7046

For thirty years, BOSW has been offering courses in survival arts with a national reputation on modern technology. It runs more than thirty trips a year in each western state in groups like "Frontier Aggression" and "Over the Top." BOSW also offers live courses for college kids in the traditional culture and skills of the indigenous peoples. These include the course canoe and raft at \$250, January through August, and raft at \$250.

School of the Forest: Princes
Poole, Alberta, Canada
403-699-1448

Miss Kilburn has taught mountain search and rescue teams and even people like you how to survive in the Canadian wild. While willing to teach theory by documentary, you will walk into the sun, including tagging eye work, tree felling, and shelter building. Rockfall arrest is a proactive approach. Knowing how to set up a tree as the most expensive survival skill and be confident that "the man who leads his men in three places shouldn't have gone to those three places."

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School of Self-Defense
Los Angeles
603-933-3333

Seven years, Christopher Hynges has given lessons in the Therosian art of "learning how to do without." Teaching balance and compass how to find and use a steel in the wilderness. He runs more than a thousand SOI offers nationwide in making fire and shelter, building tools, and finding water as well as making do with such as building an air filter, using backpacks, and using a survival kit. He's been featured in *Survival*, *Outdoor*, and *Survival*. Hynges is a former adult film producer. Courses run year-round, lasting three to six weeks, and cost \$250 to \$500.

The Travlers
Bethlehem Township, New Jersey
908-425-4518

Using the survival skills that he learned as the crew of an Apache rider, Tom Stone teaches how to find comfort and refuge in the wilderness. These same skills have helped him survive numerous lost hiberna and live in the wild for a decade without any manufactured tools. Others not even a knife. His courses emphasize basic tracking, case construction, identification, and identifying advanced wilderness survival skills. The weekly student course is offered throughout the year and costs \$450.

Wilderness Skills
Williamstown, Maine
603-758-8616

Dan Fisher teaches the basics of survival (shelter, water, fire, food) as well as tool making, animal tracking, and medicinal plant use. The school offers twenty courses ranging from two-hour sessions held on his twenty-five-acre farm to five-day workshops from May to July. ▶

ILLUSTRATIONS: BRADY JACKSON

The 30 Second "Hair Transplant"

ORGANIC HAIR-BUILDING FIBERS

CREATE A THICKER, FULLER HEAD OF HAIR!



By Mark Gross

Toppik® Hair Building Fibers are tiny, electrostatically "magnetized" hairs that actually bind with your own, instantly building density and creating greater coverage.

It had sounded too good to be true, but the results were truly remarkable. Toppik is safe, convenient, and inexpensive, and it truly works. I strongly recommend the breakthrough product to any man or woman with thinning hair.

Dr. Jonathan F. Sawcynski
Southport, CT

No expense was spared to make this the most valuable hair product you will ever own. Toppik consists of an innovative, discrete, modified, continuous specially designed to dispense the fibers through 30" digitally optimized openings. And Toppik is so easy to apply that after a while you won't even need to look at a mirror when you put it on. Two are even applied at bathroom floors on an elevator on my way to a business meeting.

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...And I in My Cap

God knows, great men before me did it. Leonardo da Vinci, being his tongue to food of legend, slept fifteen minutes every four hours for a grand total of an hour and a half a day. I've got a tongue Salvador Dalí sipping zipped with a spoon in his hand and a gin place at his feet so that the moment he was overtaken by deep slumber, the spoon would fall, clatter, and awaken him refreshed. Dean Cain used to jump rope for twenty minutes whenever his eyelids sagged. Charles Lanzberg spoke with ghosts over the Atlantic to make his business thirty-three-hour solo flight between New York and Paris. I've got spoons, I've got a jump rope, I've got ghosts.

"What I want," I explained on the phone to Jack Edinger of the Duke University Sleep Disorders Center, "is to write more life out of life—to become a healthy man once I want to learn how to sleep only three hours a day."

"You what?"
I explained myself with greater clarity: The problem with learning to be The Perfect Man is not in learning to speak, dance, defend yourself, achieve three-minute tennis set victories, and develop washboard abs can pare the day. And with a wife, two kids, and two jobs, my day was already pulp. More time I needed more time. And sleep was the only place I could steal it: What was sleep anyway but death's younger brother? If Marcus Stewart, Jay Leno, and Lennox Wilcox were throwing on three or four hours a night, why couldn't I? Imagine, just imagine, how perfect I could be.

"I sometimes," the Sleep Doc said, "love like the gods and sleep like the mortals."

"That, that is a nice way of putting it."

"Are you aware," he said, "that America is chronically sleep-deprived? Do you know how many accidents are caused by sleep deprivation? How many billions of dollars are lost a year because people are starting careers on their sleep? He passed. "I don't normally get involved in projects of this sort. But for you, I'm going to make an exception." ☺

You may be able to get by on just a few hours' sleep, but The Perfect Man needs his long winter's nap



he said, I could almost hear him rubbing his hands. "There are a few experiments that can be arranged just for you."

EXPERIMENTS? I ain't no genius pig. I stood to the library for clues on what the doc could be up to. There are dozens of books about sleep—but all of them seem to be for people who can't get any. I shook my head through pages and pages of remedies for insomnia—complexly useless to me. I could sleep whenever I pleased. On planes I usually had to shut my eyes. At night, I started stacking 'til the instant before my head hit the pillow. Nightmares? I slept so soundly I hardly remembered dreams.

In the entire library there were only two helpful sentences, which I was quick to haul at the Sleep Doc when we met in his office:

1. "Thomas Edison called sleep 'an acquired habit.'"

2. Steve Jobs invented the lightbulb in sleep. America's average sleep time has fallen from nine hours a night to seven.

You see, not only could it be done by great men, it was being done by average men.

The Sleep Doc smiled the smile of a golfer player who was teeing off with his original hand. "Here's what I want you to do: Sleep as you normally do for two weeks and fill out this chart. Then come back and take a simple test."

"What kind of simple test?"

"Nothing to worry about. It's an alertness test. You do it on our computer—sort of like a video game. After that, I want you to sleep the way I recommend for two weeks. Then retake the test."

The more we talked, the more wary I became. You see, it turns out that the very responsible Sleep Doc is the ultimate Duke Insider. For the type of guy who has to call the Federal Emergency Management Agency to cart away

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the splashed favorite and workaholic in his living room of two lions. But get this: If Coach K is taking the Blue Devils to the floor against the Tar Heels for the ACC championship after a 9:30 at night, the Sleep Doc refuses to watch. He just won't disrupt his sleep routine. If he'd take that away from himself, who knows what he'd take away from me!

I glanced at the chart. It simply asked me to record the time I slipped under the covers, how long it took me to fall asleep, how many times I woke up during the night when I got out of bed, and how many times I napped that day.

"That's it?" I asked.
"That's it," said the Sleep Doc, smiling and putting out his hand. I grasped it and thrust out my chin as Lombardi surely did, propeller rearing over the Atlantic.

Of all the tactics known to man to fend off sleep, I had not considered the most effective: the crump. That grively, wheezing, backward cough that makes it sound as if your child can't breathe and is fighting for his life. My sleep-data chart gasped like my son four and five awakenings a night before my normal wake-up time of 7:30 when I rise to write. My regular six hours of slumber were crumpled to three. My editor was talking. Deadline was up, poaching that I was already dead.

After three days, my son recovered, and, after a

Maybe Saddam Hussein is such an ass because, with all the worrying about people plotting behind his back, he gets no sleep.

nine-hour night of slumber, so did I. Maybe that was it: Nine-hour nights to charge the battery on weekends, four-hour nights during the week? Yes, two could play it this Sleep Doctor game. I'd conduct my own experiments.

Better tested and more confident, I headed for the alarm clock. At 8:00 AM on D day, on four hours' sleep, I sat in front of the computer with my legs twitching in anticipation. I'd show him The World, I told myself, was about to be destroyed and was now depending on my reflexes to hold it from annihilating. I listened to instructions and received one last warning: The testing would last all day. No coffee, no alcohol, and absolutely no naps during the long excursions. I swallowed hard and soberly nodded for the contest to begin.

Bombs began to screen. "Take that, you bastard!" I howled, clicking a key as soon as I saw them. Then, as ordered, I clicked on the side of the screen where the bombs popped up. Then in the direction that the arrows inside the boxes pointed to. Then again when the letter *x* appeared and a long parade of other letters. The test lasted for half an hour; then were repeated every two hours. I grunted through yawns at 10:30 and punched through postlunch sag at 1:00. Then, at 3:30, gas before the last test was to be given, the world went awfully dim. I'd combined one.

The Sleep Doc just couldn't clutch back a smile during my test case. "You've got gas bags even when you stay in the same time zone!" he snidely sleeping my data chart. "Look at that!" He pointed to the category along how much time it took to fall asleep. On a five-night run, I'd marked one second. "That's a sure sign of sleep deprivation."

"But I thought it meant I was a good sleeper."

"It's not normal. Not that there is a normal time. Every body is different. But five minutes over ten minutes, is considered in the average range. And look at all these naps! You're like the guy who never fills his car with gas but constantly stops to put one dollar in the tank to keep from running out." He paused. "Now I want you to sleep a little differently. Between seven and a half and eight hours a night."

"Eight hours a night?" I slumped my head. "But I get up at 5:30 in the morning to write when there are so many damn tests. That would mean I'd have to go to sleep at 7:30! I ain't missing the Duke-North Carolina game!"

"I'm not suggesting you go to sleep at 7:30, but you're going to have to make some changes. Set an alarm and get up at the same time every morning. I want you to sit at regular times. Exercise moderately. Don't go from your computer directly to sleep. And so naps. Then come back to take the test, and we'll make some comparisons."

For the next two weeks, I did exactly as instructed. Went to bed at 11:30 and got up at 6:30. The consequences were stunning. Deprived of the peace of early morning, I got absolutely no work done. Yet I was not the slightest bit nervous about it. My editor called demanding copy and I calmly explained that I was sleeping on the job. It likely left her unable to sleep at night. But I was fine. Joy, maybe the Sleep Doctor was right. Maybe it wasn't my days that

caused tension but my nights.

Instead, I went in for the second alarm test, whistling, hit the keys light and easy. I even found myself counting the letters pausing before me between the *x*'s. I felt in control. Not a single yawn.

The Sleep Doc cracked over the new test scores. My alarm times registered in milliseconds—were markedly faster. "And look at this!" he said. "During the initial test, you completely missed the letter *x* three times—imagine you've just driven a few hours on the highway, green light and don't happen to notice the traffic light turning red."

"I'm not a saw horse. I shook the Sleep Doc's hand. But he wasn't through.

He sent me to his disciple, Willem Wohlgenant, who strapped a motion detector around my wrist. Sleep Doc Jr. explained that often we're moving so much in bed that we're not really sleeping, even though we think we are. The motion detector, when knitted with a computer, could tell exactly how much we're actually sleeping and calculate our sleep efficiency to the minute.

I wore it for weeks and kept my own log. There was no trouble. I felt better when I was in bed for seven hours and twenty-nine minutes. Of that time, I actually slept for six hours and thirty-two minutes, a very respectable 66 percent sleep efficiency. I was neither cheating myself nor learning.

And so The Perfect Man had measured sleep. But he had also taken a giant step backward. Now there were just as many things to do during the day—and an hour and a half less to do them. Only one alternative: Nap two three-four

Next month, The Perfect Man marches off to learn time management.

SUCCESS IS ITS OWN REWARD



...but the material rewards aren't bad either.

ESQ
By Esquire

WATCHES • LUGGAGE • CIGARS • EYEWEAR

HARDWARE

TOOLS THE BEST DAMN HAMMER YOU CAN BUY

Stop. Anytime you hear subtle semantic nuances like "best"—even from an expert—without a big qualifier such as "in my humble opinion," you should get skeptical. When I say the Top Hammer is the best damn hammer you can buy, the weight balance above your head should read, *Null. Make me prove it.*

Okay, so aside from the fact that I've been a carpenter for so long that I no longer use probability for emphasis or analysis but in my presentation (I pour my waffle-scrambled shambles into the Vite and sip), at a point I stop. I regard my tool-making that gives this hammer to those you I know, all-jaded professionals who wouldn't take Christ's word as a carpenter, and they got it working on their just from holding it. ("The balance? A head that never comes off? A necklock, the golfer's design eliminates the risk of the largest trauma to the opposable digit of the real hand?") You want facts, not heroes.

Fact: The Hammer is a small-scale, 16-ounce hammer whose three carpenters decided to make the best hammer in the world. Their first design had a lovely triangular head with the usual waffle pull, which is what you call the face that strikes the wall head, but although a triangular head one will fit tight corners, it can make awful dents in wood—even worse than a waffle face. So they changed the pull to oval shape, nicely crowned. They kept the triangular notch that lets you drive a nail right in set up with one hand. They made the handle of shock-absorbing nylon, three times stronger than wood and twice previous to quadruple.

One day, when a die was put in backwater, the hydraulic press produced a pull with golf-ball dimples in the face of the waffle. A face that collapses the waffle's usual impact but is easier on flesh. They drove a nail, so waffle marks. They looked at one another. Five seconds later, they were on the phone to their printer's attorney.

Let's talk about the handle, available in red, blue, black, yellow, and—here's the checker that puts the Top Hammer over the top—pink. Not shocking pink but an understated and tasteful pastel. Think about it: This is the only hammer you can give to a woman whose female presence that you don't try to buy it for yourself.

Fact: I gave one to my wife for her birthday.

—Jeff Taylor

TOOLS AND HOW TO USE THEM, THIS MONTH: HOW TO MANHANDLE WOOD, CARRY YOUR CONTACTS ON A CHIP, AND HIRE A CYBERSECRETARY.

SAWING THINGS DIFFERENTLY

Japanese saws cut on the pull stroke. Westerns on the push—and there is a world of difference in the distinction. Thin blades, almost floppy—big lightweight strops—they passed through the first one town used a pulping saw, old though graded oak and why great strops with increasing ease. It wasn't just the efficiency of the tool but also the satisfaction of using it that made me look at its country cousins for made here.

Because Japanese saws cut on the pull, they can be lighter and thinner. Because they're lighter and thinner, they have a narrower cut, or kerf—a wonderful old Anglo Saxon word they've taken on all the tools of your lifetime, such as cutting ordinary nails to be inside two-deep lines in the basement, but they can also do things a power saw does. They drill, for example, at slicing smoothly through shims of cardboard and plywood that a common Western saw diverges into splidy edges.

There are two basic types: the double edged ryoba (double-chipped, with one edge for scoring and another for ripping), and the single-edged dozuki, or tenon shoulder saw, which works a beak or steel strip along its top to limit the depth of a cut. The Impact-anchored steel

teeth—as many as twenty-eight per inch—are employed with barbed-toothed metal insert smoothness. Sometimes a second set of "coarse" teeth alternate between the sharp metal set.

It's easy to learn to use these saws, if you drop the standard shop class idea of mechanically pumping back and forth. The long handles eliminate that: your power comes from control rather than strength. Squat by order; the wood swings from your hand in favor of cutting. And hand a forefinger or thumb's upside—a technique that will create ease. With a gentle stroke, you get more of the sawing or backing of a push saw. But since it's an engineer's terms, they're designed for precision, thin compression blades can bend and snap. Use carefully when the saw comes to a stop. Don't let the blade slip out of the case-wrap handles with the twist of the wrist.

Part of the charm of these saws is the claim that if you worked with them long enough, you could eventually produce something worthy of traditional Japanese pottery—the rippling of Chinese (and, Japan, such as the pine, the beveled shoulder mortise tenon, or the fine-line, the ribbed, tenoned miter—whose diagrams are in the geometric drawings of deconstructive architects. But even the most mundane application becomes a singular power and precision—and a serenity in the process. "It's quiet," one enthusiast described the major "ground lyric."

—Phil Patton

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SAWING - 2008



HARDWARE

THE EDGE

IS SHE A BABE, OR IS SHE A BORG?

BY PHIL KATZ

Imagine the day I first heard her voice. I was driving past SFO 50429 Valley's Riverside Mall and one of the first people to live With the electronic assistant. It was an efficient, voice-but-friendly—even, caring lady.

But she was unrecognizable. In the whirl of the electronic phone service, not a word of her name or address. With her is a "second hand in the dial" that answers your calls. Bares them and forwards them whenever you want to "pick up" your calls from my phone. She is already in the office. "Call the office" or "Call my home phone." So my assistant says it through a telephone connect yourself knowing where you are.

With the knowledge of all things, you would not guess that from And technology the company whose computer database film and video editing. The deal came to this one day when he was using his car cell phone and decided he says that his company was interested in your cell. As the number of calls placed on that phone. He

announced that some 75 percent of all phone calls fell to reach their goal. A connector site where that America Office lives on a building to Warner. First some very smart programmer's to build what he calls "software for intelligent computer in the world—the phone system."

With a quick call to a center of operations many people are used to the Pusan. After you had to buy a whole system—about twenty grand worth of office equipment. Now With the becoming available as a service from a wireless network of mobile phone companies. Working with Pacific Bell in California, you can call 800-945-3500 for a demo, but I tried out for several weeks.

Once you've given out your 128 number you can dial calls from your office, home or mobile phone. She's the voice in the program available—replaces the old sent beep of cell waiting with the dial center whistles name of the second caller. She is already in the office. "Call the office" or "Call my home phone." So my assistant says it through a telephone connect yourself knowing where you are.

With a network of offices—a virtual machine, containing a voice recognition system, sophisticated algorithms, and snippets of voices by recorded hand. But before being converted to files. Both charmingly and discreetly like a person. The file is the woman's voice—efficient but not quite human, but lifelike. Do as much as it can. There are a few of some complaints about what some like to use.

"Because of its human presence. With her like

the capability to develop lasting long-lasting relationships." The company boasts just how long-lasting, how lasting, is the wrong thing. At first, it was mostly the connecting between us, but soon I became downright attached. Then we began to see, rather I came to recognize the slogan "Oh, it" that seemed to convey surprise and delight of my call. Sometimes I guess I was not for her help. "You're in work until she is thought—your role!"

Other times, I hear she behaves less than properly for a truly just and discreet assistant. Once when I didn't answer my cell phone she told me "Call me when you're back." I would be, but I was not at home when she called. I was in a meeting. I was in a meeting. I was in a meeting. I was in a meeting. I was in a meeting.

Surely I've not read in this attachment, but who was she? Inquiries produced understandably my responses. She was the girlfriend of one of the operators. She's lived in many different parts of the world—accounting for the user's accounts, the air of sophistication. She's worked in the social service industry—insure that could describe anyone from a colorful waitress to Doris Shale. Her voice was originally recorded in a shipping unit

and the right event took a personal voice could be chosen. But she was so well-trained she struck. But of course "she" had a person on a person—so early version of an entry we'll have to live with in the future, from signs and bits of barge and dolls. She even stores information, same when the evening was perhaps playing, give me the mechanical work up call and the essential delivery of The New Class member who is often for the hour long on board.

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...feel like your lover has lost interest in you?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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The Bostwick is based on the standard PCMCIA card. Not that it still accesses to laptops and can still enter data like a hard drive into the device to be able to inform. Some—up to three thousand entries. It can be connected to a notebook computer. Once loaded, the file will enter a file into the notebook or other software. For forty years, you can get the Bostwick to link the card directly to Microsoft Outlook or Lotus Notes.

Thus, the Bostwick has been awarded by the Department of Defense, the partners of the Pent. The Bostwick is the only tool that can be used to carry around your files, photos, your Bostwick and notebook. It is a revolutionary idea, and a good one. With your Bostwick and notebook.



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Green

Anxiety Sells Magazines

How to Save Seventy Grand

Don't a borrower sounds exactly as you'd expect a loan guy in Parsippany, New Jersey, to sound: "They're cooler in the pad room window." His pitch description of the recent surge of refinancing activity indeed, with leading rates approaching the all-time low set in fall 1993, the old 20/28 rule—don't refi unless you've saved in the house two years, will stay two more, and can drop your rate by 2 percent—seems archaic. And lenders are trying ever so hard to accommodate, offering to swallow the closing costs or raise the standards borrowers must meet.

Not so fast. Virtually every article you see touting the benefits of refinancing focuses exclusively on the lower monthly payment. But this ignores the fact that you make those lower payments for a longer time—often adding up to a higher total being your pocket. They also neglect to mention that refinancing is a big hassle. Not so much so in an initial mortgage, but you'll still need a new title search, new appraisal, new income verification, et cetera. So before you join the herd, consider the one observation that seems never to make the papers: It's a huge pain in the ass.

Take a look at a couple of typical situations.

House A was purchased in January 1988 for \$148,500 with a thirty-year fixed mortgage at 8.5 percent. By January 1995 the balance is \$130,000.

Loan	APR	Term	Monthly Payment	Total Interest	Total P+I
\$150,000	8.5%	30	\$1,333	\$482,439*	\$732,113
Refi Loan					
\$130,000	7%	30	\$996	\$308,763	\$538,763
Closing Costs					\$1,500
Net Savings					\$202,500

In either case, the refi saves the borrower a hefty 200 per cent. But because it adds ten years to the life of the loan, the borrower ends up paying almost \$100,000 more in total costs. How over-the-top is that? To benefit from today's borrower rates can take huge advantage by refinancing into a fifteen-year loan.

Loan	APR	Term	Monthly Payment	Total Interest	Total P+I
\$150,000	7%	15	\$1,368	\$92,684	\$562,114
Closing Costs					\$1,500
Net Savings					\$467,929

Sounds from the Street

Anatomy of a Stock Tip

William E. Duffell runs Duffell Investment Management in Alhambra, New York. He is a small firm, but because of the timely appearance of some Saudi investors, it has about \$20 million under management. He had 1.5 million shares of Intel he is selling me (heard on Catalysts C/NBC), a smallish California company that makes pharmaceuticals and dealer brokerage technology.

OK. How a small southern firm flipped a Hollywood bigshot by 1,000% in the last week looking into the company, talking to analysts and company reps, on January 13 (ask me plugs at 11:30 the next day) I run into Michael T. Weiss, chief jeweled star of the President. He is looking for stock tips quick to add that he won't invest in politicians. He got a certainty for you! I say CUL, a patented Xerox technology is a home run (don't be "no no")



Photo by [unreadable]

For only \$45 more a month, a borrower can save five whole years off the loan. That adds up to almost seventy grand in savings—more than 48 percent of the purchase price of the home. And most lenders will even allow another quarter or half of a point off a fifteen-year loan, completed with a standard thirty-year house it was purchased in January 1995 for \$200,250 with a thirty-year fixed at 8.5 percent. By January 1998, the balance is \$200,200.

Loan	APR	Term	Monthly Payment	Total Interest	Total P+I
\$200,000	8.5%	27	\$1,278	\$211,864*	\$511,814
Refi Loan					
\$200,000	7%	30	\$1,311	\$279,017	\$679,017
Closing Costs					\$1,500
Net Savings					\$165,703

In this case, you save in all three critical categories—monthly payment, total interest paid, and total principal plus interest paid—due both to the lower rate and to the fact that the loan is only three years old. So this refi makes sense.

The point is not to lose sight of the big picture—a few basic pointers are always worth the trip to the local bank.

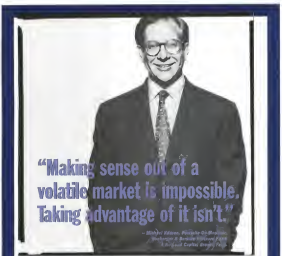
*Not including the interest you paid from January 1988 to January 1995, which is far more than what you will see.

To Do Today!

Twelve Hours of Mercy
If you're reading this as a pile of "deal with now" tax papers accumulate on your desk, there's good news for you. People who are lay about their tax issues may have their own holiday. It's called **Procrastinator's Day**. From 8:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. on April 23, you can call **Mindy in Charge** at (800) 275-3727 and for \$10 (credit \$1)—ten forty, you can ask a tax expert to answer questions about your federal return as you like. Other days, the expense calls for \$1 to a minute and an average call runs about seven billable minutes.



Photo by [unreadable]



"Making sense out of a volatile market is impossible. Taking advantage of it isn't."

—Michael Weiss, President of Neuberger & Berman
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Portfolio Fund	Average Annual Returns For Periods Ended 12/31/97			
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If we don't invest in it, why should you?

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belt (left) in Calvin Klein New York; Bar-
neys New York; New York; Saks Fifth Ave
men select stores; Paro (top) at Saks Fifth
Los Angeles; Marshall Field's select stores;
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P. 103 Roberto Ferragamo belt in Selvo
store; Ferragamo boutique nationwide;
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Rob at Ralph Lauren jacket at Polo Ralph
Lauren New York; Colmore sweater
(top) at Polo Ralph Lauren New York; Beverly
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shoes; trousers (top) in Polo Ralph Lauren
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Oliver's Evolution

By John Updike

His parents had not meant to abuse him, they had meant to love him, and they did love him. But Oliver had come late in their little pack of offspring, at a time when the challenge of child rearing was wearing thin, and he proved susceptible to mishaps. He was born with injured feet and

learned to crawl with corrective casts up to his ankles. When they were at last removed, he cried in terror because he thought those heavy plaster boots scraping and scraping along the floor had been part of himself.

One day in his infancy they found him on their dressing room floor with a box of matchballs, some of which were wet with saliva, in retrospect, they wondered if there had really

been a need to rush him to the hospital and have his poor little stomach pumped. His face was gray-green afterward. The following summer, when he had learned to walk, his parents had unthinkingly sworn off the beach altogether, striving for oceanic harmony in the shade of a large gummy and athletic guard, and they were quite unaware, until they saw the lifeguard racing along the beach, that Oliver had snuffed after them and had been floating on his face for what might have been, given a less alert lifeguard, a fatal episode of minutes. That time, his face was blue, and he coughed for hours.

He won the least complaining of their children. He did not blame his parents when neither they nor the school authorities detected his "bleepy" right eye as one for cheaps, with the result that when he closed that eye everything looked awfully funny. Just the night of the boy looking a schoolbook at a curious angle to the light made his father want to weep impotently.

And it happened that he was just the wrong, vulnerable age when his parents went through their separation and divorce. His elder brothers were off at boarding school and college, embarked on manhood, free of family. His younger

sister was small enough to find the new arrangements—the meals in restaurants with her father, the friendly men who appeared to take her mother out—exciting. But Oliver, at thirteen, felt

the weight of the household descend on him and made his mother's sense of abandonment his own. Again, his father (secretly) grieved. It was he, and not the boy, who was at fault, really, when the bad grades began to come in from day school and then from college, and Oliver broke his arm falling down the fire stairs, or leaping, by another account of the credited accident, from a girls' window. Not one but several lively automobiles met a ruinous end with him at the wheel, though with no more injury, as it happened than constant knees and loosened front teeth. The teeth grew firm again, thank God, for his uncles' sake, slowly spreading across his face in the full humor of his recent misadventures, was one of his best features. His teeth were small and round and widely spaced—baby teeth.

Then he married, which seemed yet another mishap, to go with the late nights, abandoned job, and failure through opposition of his life in a young state. The girl, Alicia, was so slender-prone as he, given to substance abuse and occasional pugnacity. Her emotional disturbances left her and others bereft. By comparison, Oliver was solid and self-reliant, and she looked up to him. This was the key. What we expect of others, they try to

provide. He held on to a job, and she held on to her pregnancy. You should see him now, with their two children—a fat little girl and a dark-haired boy. Oliver has grown broad and holds the two of them at once. They are birds in a nest. He is a tree, a sheltering holder. He is a protector of the weak. ■



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